SEPTEMBER 21, 1963. VOL. CCLIV. NO. 3303.

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Volume CCLIV No. 3303 LONDON, September 21, 1963

THE SPHERE

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Frank Worrell, captain of the West Indies touring team, produces smiles all round as he speaks at a farewell dinner for the West Indian cricketers in London near the end of their visit to Britain. The Test Series, the best and most exciting in England since the war, saw the West Indies demonstrate both dazzling technical skills and an approach to the game, helped by their vociferous supporters, which has vastly enlivened all Test cricket. Much of their success is due to Frank Worrell himself, who is retiring from Test cricket: he captained the West Indies in Tests 15 times, winning nine, tying one, and losing only two. Last week the tourists made their final appearance—losing a one-day match against Sussex. At the dinner, above, given by the associated companies in the Caribbean of the British-American Tobacco Co., next to Mr Worrell are Mr T. A. H. Slack and Viscount Cobham, ex-President and Treasurer-elect of the MCC

SALUTE TO CRICKET'S REVIVALIST

NEWS SUMMARY

Britain's third veto at the Security Council; more racial violence in Alabama

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INTERNATIONAL

Southern Rhodesia was expected to loom large in the deliberations of the United Nations Assembly which started this week. In the Security Council last week Britain used the veto to block a resolution inviting the British government not to hand over " any attributes of sovereignty " or armed forces to Southern Rhodesia until a fully representative government is established there. Eight members of the Council voted for the resolution and France and the United States abstained. It was only the third time Britain had ever exercised the veto—the others were at the time of Suez.

GREAT BRITAIN

Lord Denning's report on the Profumo affair reached the Prime Minister at the beginning of this week. It was expected that Mr Wilson would go to Admiralty House to study the document. Various consultations would have to take place before the report can be published: these make it unlikely that it will appear before October. Last Saturday, Mr Wilson, speaking at Lydney in Gloucestershire, delivered a broadside against Mr Macmillan and the Conservative Government. The Prime Minister, he said, had preached a selfish hedonism and there had been a continuing devaluation of public standards since Suez. He went on to say that ministers had, by blurring quasi-judicial duties with party political preoccupations, shown a blithe disregard for the constitutional distinction between the executive and the judiciary.

UNITED STATES

A fresh act of violence provoked another racial crisis in Birmingham, Alabama. Four negroes, three of them young girls, were killed when a bomb exploded in a basement of a negro church during Sunday school. Twenty other people were reported injured. Immediately a large crowd of negroes demonstrated but later dispersed. The Justice Department in Washington said it had asked the Federal Bureau of Investigation to make a full inquiry and Mr Burke Marshall, Assistant Attorney-General, flew to Birmingham to investigate. The Governor of Alabama, a bitter opponent of racial integration, offered a £1,800 state reward and ordered 300 state troopers to the city for assistance in tracing those responsible for the outrage. Governor Wallace had tried to prevent schools in Birmingham, Tuskegee and Mobile from being integrated, but last week President Kennedy federalised the state militia. Subsequently, there were white anti-integration demonstrations, when negro children enrolled.

FRANCE

At a news conference in Paris last week M Pompidou, the French Prime Minister, and M Giscard d'Estaing, the Finance Minister, announced a number of measures to combat inflation. The prices of all manufactured goods were provisionally frozen at the level ruling on August 1; banks were ordered to reduce credit facilities and hire purchase down-payments were increased; a 10 per cent. tax was instituted on " Tierce " tote bets (" Tierce " is forecasting the first three in a given race); trade unions were asked to limit demands for wage increases. The proposed Budget deficit for 1964 is to be cut from £510 million to £300 million.

AFRICA

Fresh attempts to isolate South Africa were made by the 32 independent African States and in return various reprisals were threatened by South Africa. Last week, two political refugees from South Africa escaped by air from Bechuanaland to the Congo. Subsequently, Mr Schoeman, the South African Minister of Transport, announced that aircraft intending to fly over South African territory to or from any of the protectorates must land at a designated airfield in South Africa.

The nine members of the African Liberation Committee, meeting in Addis Ababa, were reported to be discussing new ways of getting political refugees out of South Africa. In addition, they were considering further plans of achieving an air embargo on South Africa. Already the 32 African independent states have succeeded in blocking South African flights across the continent; the next step might be to deny landing and overflying rights to all international airlines carrying passengers or goods to or from the Republic. (Such a move would affect BOAC.)

Mr Louw, the South African Foreign Minister, said in a speech at Bloemfontein that the 1955 agreement giving Britain the use of the Simonstown naval base near Capetown, could be revoked. He also was reported to have threatened to cut off the sale of gold to Britain and the United States.

Last weekend, Mr Ben Bella became the first President of the new Republic of Algeria in a national referendum. He was the only candidate offered the voters. Earlier, in a referendum to approve the new constitution, 98 per cent. of the voters placed affirmative votes in the ballot boxes.

Chief Obafemi Awolowo, the Nigerian Action Group leader, lodged an appeal against the sentence of ten years passed on him by the Lagos High Court, on counts of treasonable felony, conspiracy to commit a felony, and the unlawful import of arms.

MALAYSIA

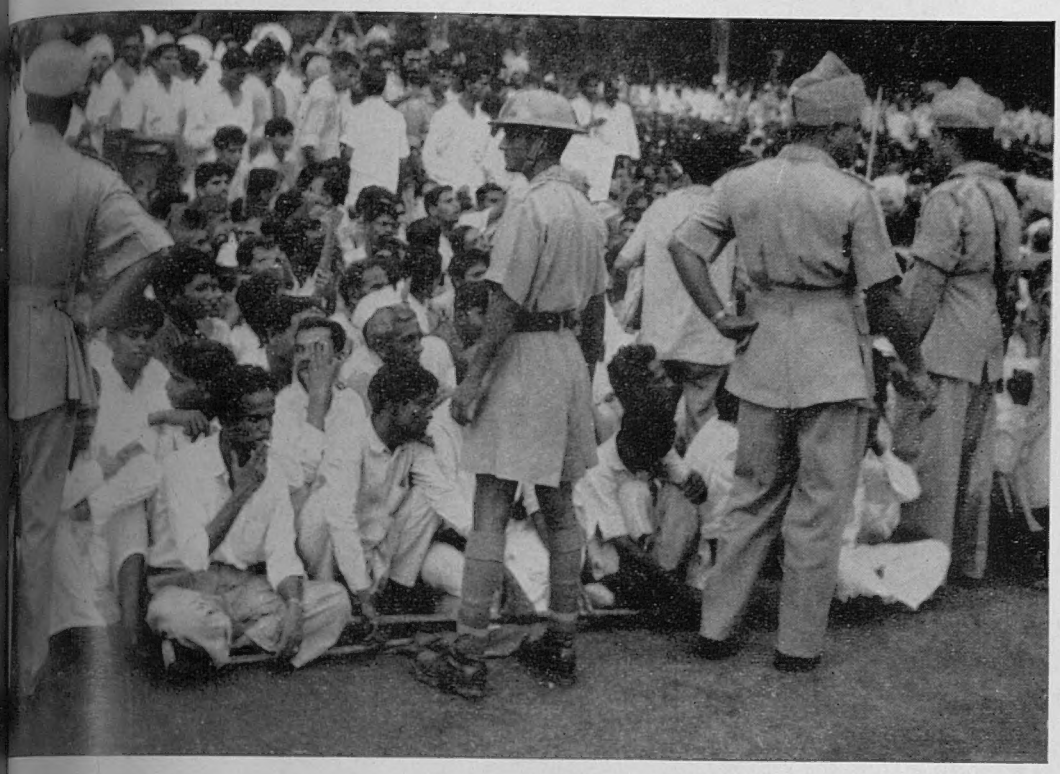
The new South East Asian Federation of Malaysia came into being last Monday. It consists of Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and Sabah (formerly North Borneo) and has a population of 10 million. Two days previously, Mr Duncan Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, declared in Kuching, Sarawak, that Britain would give Malaysia all help needed to maintain its independence and integrity.

The report of the U.N. mission to Sarawak and Sabah was issued in New York. It stated that a large majority of the inhabitants wished to join the Malaysian Federation. The mission was sent, with the concurrence of Britain, after Indonesia and the Philippines had alleged that the wishes of the people in the two territories regarding joining Malaysia had not been taken into account. In spite of the U.N. report, Indonesia announced that it could not recognise Malaysia " as it is now."

In Birmingham, Alabama, white students demonstrate, waving a Confederate flag

And a negro student is stopped from entering school by state militia

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



The Three-Ton Petition

Police stand guard as demonstrators sit down outside the Parliament building in Delhi. They had taken part in a huge march which had brought to the House a petition weighing three tons and said to contain 10 million signatures. Organised by the Communists the document asked for the redress of grievances regarding taxation and other fiscal measures of the Indian Government. It was presented to the Speaker of the Lok Sabha by Mr A. K. Gopalan, leader of the Communists in Parliament. Only part of the petition was taken into the House. The bulk of it was placed in an office nearby

Tragic air crash in the Pyrenees

The wreckage of a chartered Viking airliner which crashed last week in a storm in the Pyrenees. All 36 British tourists on board and the French crew of four were killed

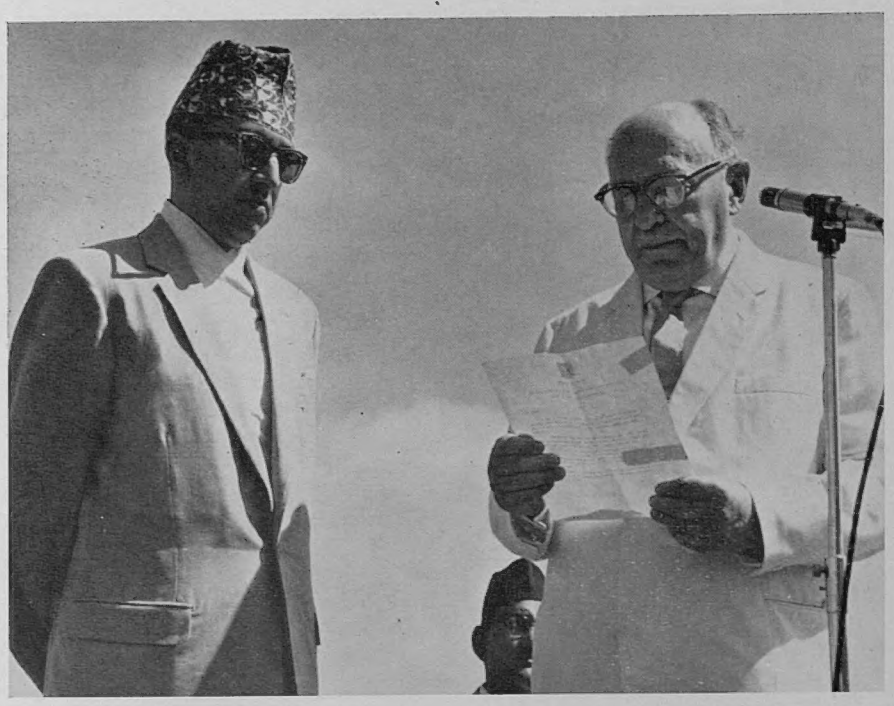
President's Sister-in-law

Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, sister-in-law of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam, surveys the ruins of Byblos in Lebanon. She was en route for Belgrade to the conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union

Doing the Australian Stomp

At a surf club in Sydney, teenagers dance their version of the Stomp, one of the latest dance crazes to sweep Europe

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



King of Nepal in Israel

President Zalman Shazar of Israel welcomes King Mahendra of Nepal (left) at Lod Airport, Israel. Accompanied by his wife, King Mahendra began a six-day State Visit to Israel last week. He was given an especially warm welcome, as he had disregarded strong pressure from Arab countries in accepting the invitation

Stonehaven's Tolbooth restored

At Stonehaven, south of Aberdeen, the Queen Mother watches two girls in period costume re-enact a scene from 1863 inside the 360-year-old Tolbooth. Her Majesty last week performed the opening ceremony of the restored Tolbooth. She was among those who answered an appeal for money to carry out the work

Lord Home among the accountants

Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, addresses the opening session of the European Congress of Accountants. More than 2,000 representatives from 19 European countries, on behalf of 38 accountancy organisations, attended the four-day Congress, held last week in the Usher Hall in Edinburgh. Extreme left is this year's President, Mr Alexander McKellar

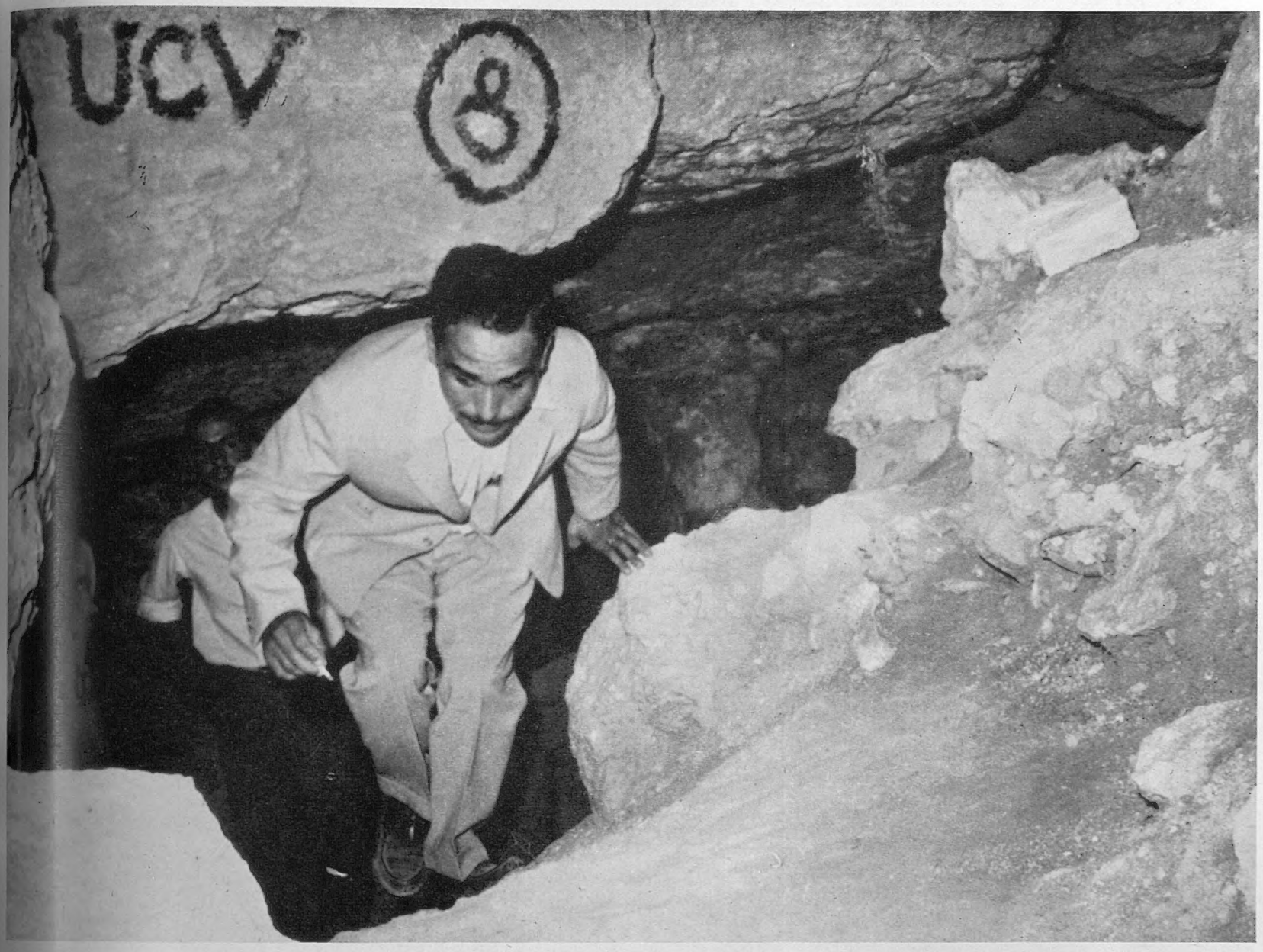
A Premier's Fiancee

The photograph of Miss Miria Kalule was taken in London last week on the day her engagement was announced to Mr Milton Obote, the Prime Minister of Uganda. Miss Kalule had been working with the Uganda mission to the United Nations in New York. She is expected to return by sea to Uganda later this month. It is understood that the marriage will take place during next November

President Nyerere in Denmark

Mr Joseph Nyerere, President of Tanganyika, on his arrival at Kastrup airport in Copenhagen for an official visit to Denmark. With him at the airport is King Frederick of Denmark. The Tanganyikan President visited other Scandinavian countries while he was in the region. When his tour was completed he visited London last week for a few days, and then was to return home

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



King Hussein visits a tomb

King Hussein of Jordan visits a tomb at Wadi Afrit, one of eight discovered by Dr Julio Ripamonti, Professor at the Central University of Venezuela in Caracas, while searching for the tomb of Moses. Last week King Hussein was in Paris on his way to London

Cosmonauts in Bulgaria

Clasping hands on top of the Dimitrov Mausoleum in Sofia are, from the left, Soviet cosmonaut Valery Bykovsky; Mr Todor Jivkov, First Secretary of the Bulgarian Communist Party and Chairman of the Council of Ministers; Valentina Tereshkova, the first spacewoman, and President Ganev. The occasion was the parade for Bulgaria's National Day

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Visitor from Tanganyika

Sir Milton Margai, the Prime Minister of Tanganyika, is at the door of Admiralty House in London with Mr Macmillan after they had had talks together. Sir Milton was in London, having come from France where he had been on a State visit

The successful Finn-Efta talks

In Helsinki are chief delegates at the Finn-Efta meeting. Top, Mr Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal, talks to President Kekkonen of Finland. The meeting brought Finland in line with the proposed programme for accelerated tariff cuts

Anglo-German defence talks

Mr Peter Thorneycroft (right), Britain's Defence Minister, inspects a Guard of Honour on his arrival in Bonn. With him is his West German counterpart, Herr von Hassel. A communiqué issued after their talks said British and Federal German strategic thinking "continue to be identical on all important matters"

Remembering the Battle of Britain

Nameplates from two Battle of Britain locomotives—now withdrawn—are handed over to senior RAF officers in London. From left are Group Capt. R. W. Oxspring, Air Marshal Sir Douglas Morris, Mr P. A. White, Group Capt. Douglas Bader, Air Vice Marshal R. N. Bateson and Group Capt. A. C. Deere

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The Liberal fervour at Brighton

Mr Jo Grimond (**above**) acknowledges the storm of applause from the 1,600 delegates after his fighting speech ending the Liberal Assembly at Brighton. Points from his speech included an attack on the Government for " their responsibility in the decline of standards of public life," and hints that the Liberals were not contemplating any party alliances. Among those prominent at the Assembly were (**left**) Lord Ogmore, the party's new President, Lady Violet Bonham Carter; (**below left**) Mr Frank Byers, Mr Mark Bonham Carter, Lady Rea, Miss Manuela Sykes, Lord Rea and Mr Eric Lubbock, M.P. for Orpington; and (**below right**) Sir Felix Brunner, Lord Rea and Mr Donald Wade. Detailed resolutions which were intended to form the basis of the party manifesto for the next General Election included: Government reform, with a second chamber based on non-hereditary principles; a Ministry of Expansion, absorbing the NEDC; a managed agricultural market, like that in the EEC; the end of selective secondary schooling, and a programme of Commonwealth development

REFORM IN EXTERNAL AFFAIRS?

404 The isle is loud with noises. Politicians, professors of government, and experts of all kinds and of all shades of opinion are clamouring for reform. Among the targets under attack are venerable and tradition-encrusted institutions such as Parliament, the judiciary, the rating system, the *Daily Herald*, Mr Marples and the MCC; even the trades union movement is being tugged, kicking, growling and muttering far from fraternal phrases, into the 20th century. Mr Thorneycroft and Lord Mountbatten are nosing their bulldozers into the Service Ministries; though (if I may brush the dust off one of my King Charles's heads) I cannot conceive why—if they have been able to sink proud regiments without trace—they have left the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in possession of his title. Why not describe this officer accurately, and a little more concisely, as the Chief of the General Staff?

My appearance on the side of the iconoclasts is, I daresay, a trifle unexpected. But in these days when change's tempests blow down the strangest corridors, each of us has his especial windy corner in which to raise his own small standard of revolution. I have long considered that a unified defence set-up was essential; and I have my eye on another widespread tangle which I believe to be both anachronistic and expensive—the extremely complicated mechanism by which we attempt to control our overseas relations. Very high in my list of targets for reform are the Foreign Office, the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Colonial Office.

Between them they attempt to cover the whole field of external affairs, the formulation, administration and execution of policy; inevitably they overlap and their functions become confused. For example, can any constitutional theorist explain, with lucidity and brevity, how, when, where and in what circumstances Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Republic of South Africa transforms himself into Her Majesty's High Commissioner for and in the Protectorates of Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland? At some special moment in every working day does he change his hat and the colour of the cartridge of ink in his ballpoint pen? Are his two personalities at the same time separate and identical?

To my way of thinking, the danger of lack of clarity of distinction over both policy and its execution will become rapidly more apparent very soon in South Africa as in Malaysia; but any of us would have to be very blind and very complacent not to perceive the evil effects of letting anomalies drift on unchecked in the whole deeply disquieting story of the arrest, deportation, trial and sentence of Chief Enahoro.

Muddled thinking and consequently hesitant and ineffective action are too prevalent at all levels. It is true that, as a somewhat unexpected by-product of Mr Macmillan's July purge last year, Mr Sandys is nowadays known as the Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary. But since he took office, has he ever had time to sit quite still and ponder the links, the similarities and the differences between his two onerous sets of responsibilities? Existence has been for him one incessant rush: Aden, Kenya, British Guiana and Malaysia have cropped up again and again, in one crisis after another.

It is a truism to say that the difficulties of dissolving an empire are far greater than those experienced in building it. But what kind of concentration—and for how long—has Mr Sandys been able to devote to (say) the questions that are bound to have been raised by the change of Government in Canada, or by New Zealand's and Australia's attitude towards France's proclaimed intention of having a series of nuclear tests in the Pacific? The strategy of Commonwealth and Colonial relations ought to be his principal concern, but he has constantly been distracted by what ought to be regarded as matters of tactics. The result has been a diffusion—and Mr Sandys's critics say a real waste—of effort on minor exercises, while the big and difficult issues have not been tackled.

By contrast and for several reasons—two of which are his own temperament and the fact that he is a member of the House of Lords—the Foreign Secretary has been able, to a much greater degree, to detach himself from the trivial but immensely burdensome tasks of day-to-day diplomacy. He has deliberately given himself time to think, and the result has been that, in a period of rapid and particularly dangerous shifts in international relations, and despite the obvious and now irreversible decline in British power and influence, British foreign policy has had about it—except in those moments when others could not be prevented from intervening—a welcome clarity.

The Colonial Empire, to which men like my father and grandfather gave their quiet careers of honourable and dedicated service, has dwindled to vanishing point; and who would have the hardihood to try to propound an adequate definition of the Commonwealth which is, courteously but hazily, alleged to be its successor? The importance in it of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is quickly diminishing. We are a small island, densely populated, heavily if archaically industrialised, with a general standard of living which makes others, who got later into the race to the materialists' millenium, gasp and stare and give utterance to expressions which mingle, in complex proportions, admiration, envy and resentment.

Other ex-colonialist nations in Western Europe—France in particular, Holland and Belgium—possess many similar attributes; but they have been able to adjust more rapidly and radically to the changed circumstances of their lives. We continue, as a society, markedly to resemble a once well-heeled but now seedy dowager, who fills her boarding-house bedsitter with silver-framed, and therefore tarnished, mementoes of past splendour; talks loudly and arrogantly of the appalling results of giving in to the natives; and ekes out her existence on her dividends and her memories. For the individual in such a case there ought to be the utmost compassion; but a whole nation thus psychologically afflicted deserves—and will get—a good shaking, if nothing worse.

The argument for reform in the especial field of Foreign/Commonwealth/Colonial relations seems to me indisputable. Merely as regards function, the existence of the three separate Departments of State is indefensible, especially since they are all far bigger and far more lavishly staffed than they were when world hegemony was ours, and leaders of other countries looked to London as they look now to Washington and/or Moscow.

At the Cabinet level there should, I believe, be a single Secretary of State for External Affairs, to whom three Ministers of State, for Foreign, Commonwealth and Colonial Affairs, with the appropriate array of Under-Secretaries, should be responsible. There should be a common recruitment and basic training for the administrative staffs of all three Ministries, and all staffs at this level should be liable to both home and overseas posting, and to cross-posting within the External Affairs Service. Knowledge of foreign languages should be both compulsory and of the highest possible standard—European, Asian and African. "O" or even "A" level French, a little kitchen Urdu and a little kitchen Swahili, are not enough.

Anyone who has heard Soviet interpreters at conferences or on the TV screen (and several Soviet journalists, too, for that matter) must have been disturbingly impressed by the remarkable quality of their English. But there are other languages to which they pay great attention; I have just read the autobiography of a young Russian Foreign Service officer who "defected" to the Americans a year or two ago in Rangoon; long before he reached his country's embassy there he had become fluent in both written and spoken Burmese. Of whom in this country—except a few retired I.C.S. and Indian Army officers—could such a claim be made? And this is only one small example of the general and far-reaching inadequacy of our conduct of external relations.

A new world is jostling at our doors. Its numerous representatives (whether elected according to correct democratic procedure or not hardly matters) fill the great U.N. building in New York almost—it sometimes seems—to overflowing. We cannot deal with it much longer in the language, on the terms and with the official and diplomatic techniques of the 1930's; nor, I must add, should we tumble over ourselves to accept, with uncritical enthusiasm, its outlook, its standards and its values—nearly all of which I myself consider pretty deplorable. But we live in a rough world, the majority of whose political spokesmen regard us neither as the godlike, twice-born topee-crowned nephews and nieces of the Great White Queen, nor as dearly beloved brothers and sisters, but as specious softies, whose predecessors had the luck to get at the lolly (Master Watt's tea-kettle, the internal combustion engine, coal and oil, for example) a little earlier than theirs; and it is no use trying to talk to them *de haut en bas*. They have always resented it (and who shall blame them?); soon their resentment, if I read aright the real message of Mr James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, may turn to something far more unpleasant and far-reaching.

Ngo Dinh Nhu, brother of President Ngo Dinh Diem, holding a press conference in his study in the Presidential Palace in Saigon, answers questions on the martial law imposed on the city. Throughout the tangled and tense events of the crisis in South Vietnam of the past weeks, Ngo Dinh Nhu, the President's political adviser and head of the secret police, was seen to possess much power in the running of the country. Most reports from Saigon indicated that he and his wife, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, were responsible for recent repressive measures against the Buddhists, and that it was Ngo Dinh Nhu's personal forces which attacked Buddhist pagodas and arrested Buddhist leaders

BROTHER IN POWER

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

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The dogs and the tails

Mr Wilson may have been as profoundly disappointed as anyone in the TUC's equivocal voting at Brighton on the future of NEDC. When the ranting and the roaring were over and the votes taken, the public image of the trade unions had regained no stature. They had revealed no consistency or unity of purpose, shown themselves to be a party-political body rather than one desiring to play a decisive part in national life in a changed and changing world. The electorate is said to be better educated, better fitted to think for themselves than ever before. If so be, Mr Wilson may well regard the trade unions as an awkward ally in the struggle for a socialist victory, and even among the dumb minority in the movement it must be a shock to realise how little impact improved education has made on so many of the ranting delegates, who still as of old cherish and keep alive grievances 100 years old and make their points by roaring rather than reasoning. Yet even if Mr Woodcock had won an unequivocal, if grudging, victory for common sense, it would not have followed that the TUC's resolutions meant anything definite. The future of industrial relations and productivity would be clearer seen by a peep into the erratic reasoning of groups of shop stewards, here and there. Even if the big dogs had barked a grudging welcome, it would not necessarily follow that their tails would wag. The virtues of trade unionism were not enhanced, and authority and responsibility were not re-established at Brighton.

As easy as that

It is easier for a party to formulate a comprehensive policy for reshaping Britain, if that party "has no history"; if it has been in the wilderness so long that no critic can trace its erratic footsteps, and point out that when it had a chance to go forward and straight, it merely wandered in circles. That is today the happy position of the Liberals. They can start from scratch. "Partners in a new Britain"? The Tories and the Socialists can merely try, for example, to "get the trade unions to bring themselves up to date," to "reshape our structure to meet modern needs," to "regain our leadership in international affairs," to "abolish class barriers," and so on. Both these parties are vulnerable to the criticism that these great projects make no progress. The Liberals can flourish a brand new magic wand and need fear no nasty recent proofs that magic wands are rotten. Take the abolition of class barriers: the magic wand will abolish the House of Lords and create a strong and democratic second chamber and will integrate the public schools with the state system—and then bang will go class barriers! Alas! We heard the same at Ephrata in 1863, and still today the hereditary peers (of all parties) are quite satisfied with their chamber, and Eton flourishes and will flourish. It is difficult to envisage their new Britain until the Liberals' magic wand is stripped of its cellophane covering and is seen in action for five years. Five years of power wear out most magic wands and I doubt if Mr Thorpe's and Mr Layton's wand would better stand the wear and tear, if and when it came into use.

Bridge and tunnel

I may reasonably hope to cross the stormy Firth of Forth by a road bridge. It would be unreasonable of me to hope to cross to France by tunnel. The new Forth bridge lacks but a span or two. The new link to France is definitely to be a tunnel—and how the fantastic notion of a bridge over that tidal and congested sea ever got a hearing is a mystery! However, there is no immediate prospect of starting the dig. The two governments have yet to signal the all-clear. Both at the moment have too much on their plates and perhaps too little loose change in their pockets. When the dig begins, 4,000 "moles" will take five years or more to complete the main run. With allowance for imponderables, strikes, subsidences, slumps, international quarrels and what not, I should put 1970 as the earliest date for the official opening; and who knows what the picture will be seven years hence? The tunnel may be old hat before it is opened, and it is anybody's guess from which political party will be chosen the V.I.P. to perform the ceremony. Anyhow, the car ferry services are satisfied that improvement in those services will not be money thrown away, and their thousands of customers are glad of their existence.

"Jobs nobody does"

A *cri du coeur* from a London householder rang a bell in my ear. In a letter to the press he complained of the total lack of trained men available to paint or paper his house, mend his roof or taps or sash cords, or repair a fault in

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his car or wireless set. If he takes his car to his garage, it returns with many new faults after a mauling by apprentice hands. The proprietor himself acknowledges that his "hands" are not fit for the simplest job; the builder's "hands" are booked up till next summer and the fingers of those hands are all thumbs. So Professor Heath Robinson is left to do it himself and usually makes things worse. I think he is too sweeping. What a waste, he says! What a crazy economy which keeps thousands workless at one end of the island and the most primitive craftsmen not to be had for love nor money at the other end. *Experientia docet.* Heath Robinson's technique, though still crude, is improving. My house and car are tied up with home-made string, but the string holds better and longer than it did.

Chichester Cathedral

Chichester Cathedral, a famous land- and sea-mark is once more in danger from subsidence and from frosts. Founded in the 11th century after the See was removed from Selsey, the great building of Bishop Luffa and of Seffrid was consecrated in 1108, but it suffered serious fires in the 12th century. It is remarkable for its double-aisled nave and its detached campanile. In 1861 the 14th-century spire collapsed while attempts were being made to shore it up, mercifully with very little damage to fabric or human life. Gilbert Scott faithfully replaced it to its original height of 277 ft. Today the whole fabric of the Cathedral and campanile is bulging, settling and flaking, and a quarter-million pound appeal, about to be launched, will hardly cover the cost of ten years' restoration work. The famous and beautiful Roman city cannot afford to lose its landmark. The spire rests on the fabric. The local legend of the turnip-hoer in a field on the Wittering road who turned to gaze at the spire pointing to heaven, and five minutes later turned to gaze again and found no spire, could well be repeated.

Like a sundial

Summer, if it ever started, ended officially on August 31. Officially, too, the summer of 1963 was condemned as the coolest for seven years, and August registered an 80 deg. temperature only in one place (Jersey) on one day (August 1). Throughout the summer, gales and thunderstorms prevented any sequence of fine days. Sunshine totals all over England were below average. I sometimes wonder whether the wizards admit that weather in my particular area of England (the Isle of Wight and New Forest area) is unpredictable, and have fallen back on the sundial technique of counting only the sunny hours. They say that our area enjoyed in August the lion's share of sunshine, over 200 hours of it. If that was so, we failed to count our blessings. I never wore a summer vest, never de-mothed a summer suit, only twice used a garden chair, never succeeded in ripening a strawberry or a tomato. The tell-tale rain gauge in my garden registered 4·23 ins. of rain in August and (to prove that the force of nature *could* still further go), 3·31 ins. of rain had already fallen in September by 9 a.m. on September 5. Small wonder if New Forest campers called it a day, packed up and left us to enjoy the Forest and the litter to ourselves until next summer.

The Old Stager

Above: From left to right are Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guide; David Koleowo, an assistant Scout Field Commissioner from Lagos, Nigeria; Bhethai Amatayakul, an executive Commissioner from Bangkok, Thailand; and Hermen Phillips from Jamaica. They were attending the 37th Annual Reunion of the 1st Gilwell Park Group, the largest Scout Group in the world, at Gilwell Park, Chingford, Essex. The group consists of Adult Leaders who have successfully completed the Wood Badge Course. Sir Charles Maclean, Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, was also at the reunion

Left: On the 13th anniversary of the death of Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts, a wreath was laid at the foot of his statue in Parliament Square by Mr Leif Egeland, a former South African High Commissioner in London and Chairman of the Smuts Foundation. The wreath was provided by the South Africa Club

Far left: Outside No. 10 Downing Street, workmen are busy asphalting the roadway while others paint the railings. The Prime Minister expects to be able to move back into residence at No. 10 from Admiralty House towards the end of the month. The reconstruction of Nos. 10, 11 and 12 has taken three years

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A PROGRESS OF GUINNESS

Exit the King, at the Royal Court Theatre, London

Ionesco's latest play, already acclaimed in Paris as his best, arrived in London last week from the Edinburgh Festival. Its central character is the dying King Berenger, played by Sir Alec Guinness (in the sequence top right). Berenger was the "little man" individualist of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*—a play in which another theatrical knight, Olivier, scored a notable success, also at the Royal Court. Ionesco, in *Exit the King*, has turned his talents for the theatre of the absurd to more serious ends—the play in fact covers the last hour and 45 minutes of the King's life. Surrounded by the remnants of his court, he is prepared for his end by his first Queen—Googie Withers making a welcome return to the London stage—while his second Queen vainly encourages him in his delusions of life. Without the joyous fireworks of the playwright's other works, this play is perhaps best seen as an extended theatrical symbol in which Guinness gives a brilliantly controlled performance.

Above: The Doctor (Graham Crow... who is also Surgeon, Executio... Bacteriologist and Astrologist

Above left: Queen Marguerite (Go... Withers), the King's first wife

Right: Guard (Peter Bayliss), Jul... (Eileen Atkins), King Berenger (A... Guinness), and Queen Margue...

Photographs by Reg Wilson

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

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HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN LONDON-INDIA

In the return to India at the end of this month of Mr Mahommedali Currim Chagla, the Court of St. James's loses a popular diplomatist and Britain the presence of a good friend. He was transferred to Britain a year and a half ago from the post of Ambassador to the United States, Mexico and Cuba. He has also represented his country at the United Nations. Mr Chagla is a lawyer by profession—he was Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court from 1947 to 1958. Aged 63 on September 30, he was called to the bar in London—to the Inner Temple—but in his preceding years at Lincoln College, Oxford, he graduated in the Honours School of Modern History in 1922. He is a firm believer in the principle that lawyers should have a broader background than their own particular subject.

This gives the ex-Judge-Ambassador a very human outlook. One notices he is basically a shy person. During a conversation he smokes less as he gets to know you. He is very ready to discuss his recreations and interests. Books, of course; music " but symphonic rather than operatic "; and art—" children's art is unconscious of difference between races," Mr Chagla remarked in reference to a children's art exhibition he had recently opened. He often makes comparisons from child behaviour and one is certain he is an understanding and percipient father and grandfather in his own family. Of television he asks: " why not a British television and not United States programmes?" He thinks concerts and plays are better on radio than television. As to sports, he admits to being a golfer, " but a very bad one " and says his real devotion is to bridge: " I used to play almost every evening in the Willingdon Club in Bombay during my time as Chief Justice."

His opinions are always penetrating. The difference between the Americans and the British? " The Americans have an innate curiosity. The British have a fundamental decency, a sportsmanship if you like." The present apparent doldrums of the Government and the Congress Party in India ? " They'll come out of it. They've been in office a long time, like Mr Macmillan and his government. This is the state of affairs you should expect in democracies of our type."

Perhaps the heart of the man is shown in the titles of some of his books—*Law, Liberty and Life* (1950) and *The Individual and the State* (1958). He is profoundly absorbed by the great problem of the relations of the individual and authority. He believes this can only be properly resolved in a democratic society of the type practised by Britain and India. But he warns firmly against the habit of what he calls " labels," of typing people and nations. Mr Chagla himself is a Moslem. He remarks that India is the third largest Moslem state in the world. But he only says this to remind that India is not a theocracy but embraces Hindus, Moslems, Christians and many other creeds in high places. It cannot be labelled.

Top: His Excellency M. C. Chagla at his desk

Above: At Admiralty House in 1962 with Mr Macmillan and Mr Desai, then Indian Finance Minister

Above right: With Mrs Indira Gandhi, Mr Nehru and Mrs Lee, then Mayor of St. Pancras, at the handing over of the site for London's Gandhi statue

Right: Niloufer Lalkaka, grand-daughter of Mr Chagla

Finally, what does he think about the future of the Commonwealth? " I attended the last Commonwealth Prime Ministers conference here in London. The thing that struck me most of all was that I was present at the only international organisation which requires no interpreters." The common language, he believes, makes the Commonwealth a living force.

When Mr Chagla returns to India he is looking forward to some well-earned rest and relaxation. However, one can be sure his fellow-countrymen and the world at large will hope to see him soon again in a key position in the service of his people. **Charles Dimont**

Left: The corvette GNS *Kromantse* is launched by Mrs Kofi Baako, wife of the Minister of Defence of Ghana, at Vosper's yard in Portsmouth. The ship has been designed and built for the Ghana Navy by Vosper Ltd., in conjunction with Vickers-Armstrongs. The GNS *Kromantse* (below left) is named after the first British fort to be built on the Gold Coast. She is of some 440 tons displacement and is powered by two Bristol Siddeley MD872 diesel engines giving a maximum speed of about 40 knots. Armament consists of one 4-inch gun, one 40-mm. gun, with sonar and anti-submarine mortar

Above: Members of the Australian Rugby Football League team touring Britain are outside Australia House in London. They had been welcomed by Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia. They will play three tests against England

Right: At New Zealand House in London, Sir Thomas Macdonald, the High Commissioner, presents to Sir Learie Constantine, High Commissioner for Trinidad and Tobago, despatch boxes and letter racks of New Zealand timber made by disabled ex-servicemen. They are for use in Trinidad's Parliament

JOURNEY INTO PETRA

Photographs by Gerry Brenes and Marc Sharratt

412 In 1812, the Swiss explorer Burckhardt discovered the ancient Nabataean city of Petra hidden in the heart of a towering mountain range deep in the Jordanian desert. Petra had been 'lost' to mankind for over 500 years.

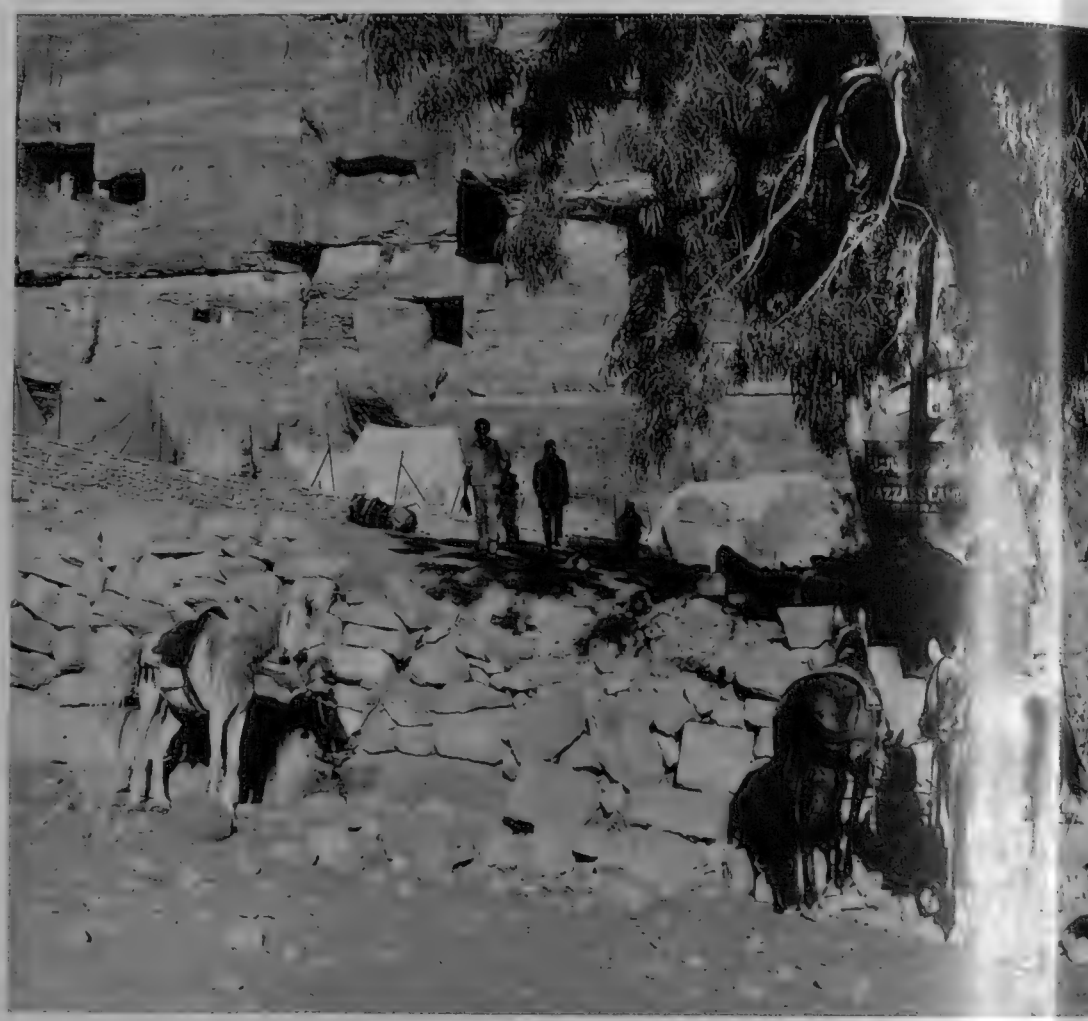
This year the Jordanian Government is arranging special celebrations to mark the 150th anniversary of Burckhardt's discovery. These celebrations, which should have taken place in 1962, will be held during the current autumn Petra season. Petra is visited by about 6,000 people every year—in two 'seasons,' from March 15 to May 31, and from September 15 to October 30. At other times in the year the weather is either too hot or there is danger of sudden torrents flooding down the narrow passage of the Siq, the only way into the city.

Well protected by this extraordinary gorge, the Nabataeans prospered and at the time of Christ their influence had spread as far north as Damascus. But by 106 A.D., Petra had become a Roman Province under the Emperor Trajan. After the fall of Rome the city was merely a legend until 1812.

The city was extended considerably during the Roman period. Of all Petra's buildings, the Khazneh or Treasury built by the Romans is undoubtedly the most exquisite. It particularly catches and holds the rose red light for which the city is famous, making it, for a few brief hours each day, truly ethereal. Elsewhere is a fantastic array of carved temples, palaces, tombs and cave dwellings—some weathered and worn, others retaining much of the quality they had 2,000 years ago.

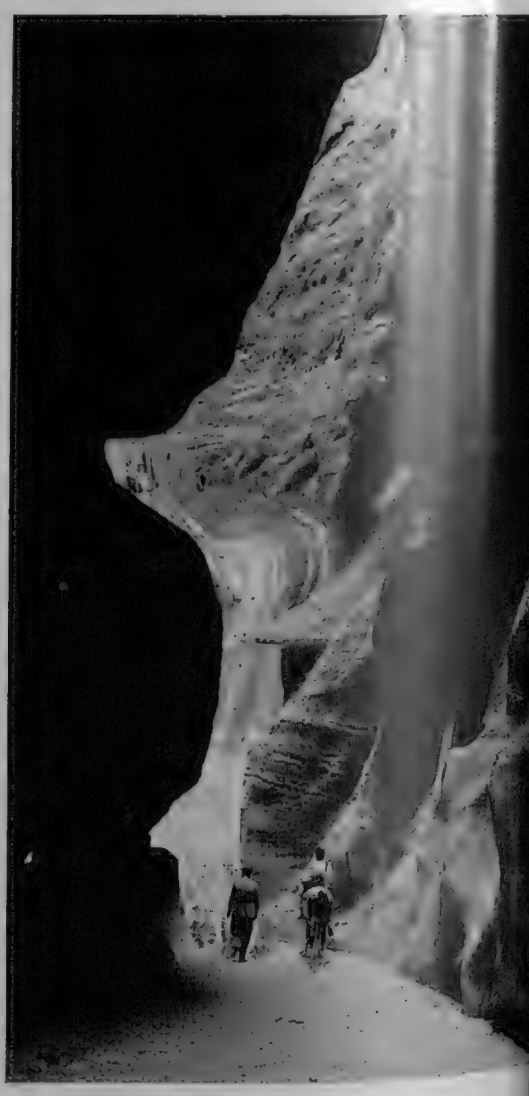
Until recently, the journey into Petra was a long and tedious business. Now, thanks to the completion of the fine desert highway from Amman to the port of Aqaba the journey as far as Ma'an can be completed in two hours, and the whole journey in well under four hours.

Thus it is possible to visit Petra and return to Amman in one day, but many visitors change their plans and stay for more than one night once they have seen the city.



Above: The new desert highway linking Amman with Aqaba has cut the time for the journey south to Petra from nine hours to four. Petrol stations are few and far between. This one is at Ma'an, 130 miles from Amman and the first one on the road

Above: The tower of the police post at Al-Ji where visitors may spend the night. Everybody going to Petra has to check in at the post before going on



Top: The third stage of the journey into Petra is by horseback from Al-Ji. One of the three Arab guides personally conducts anyone not used to riding. At Nazzal's Camp in Petra, visitors can be accommodated overnight in the stone guest house or under canvas. The guest house is carefully painted to merge with the colour of the surrounding rocks

Right: The only entrance to Petra is along the Siq, a narrow winding defile between the steep cliffs. Erosion has carved the rock into fantastic shapes

Far right: At the end of the journey, this is the first glimpse of Petra and its most beautiful building, the Treasury or Khazneh. After half-an-hour's riding through the gloom of the passage, the light on the rose red façade makes an extraordinary impression

JOURNEY INTO PETRA

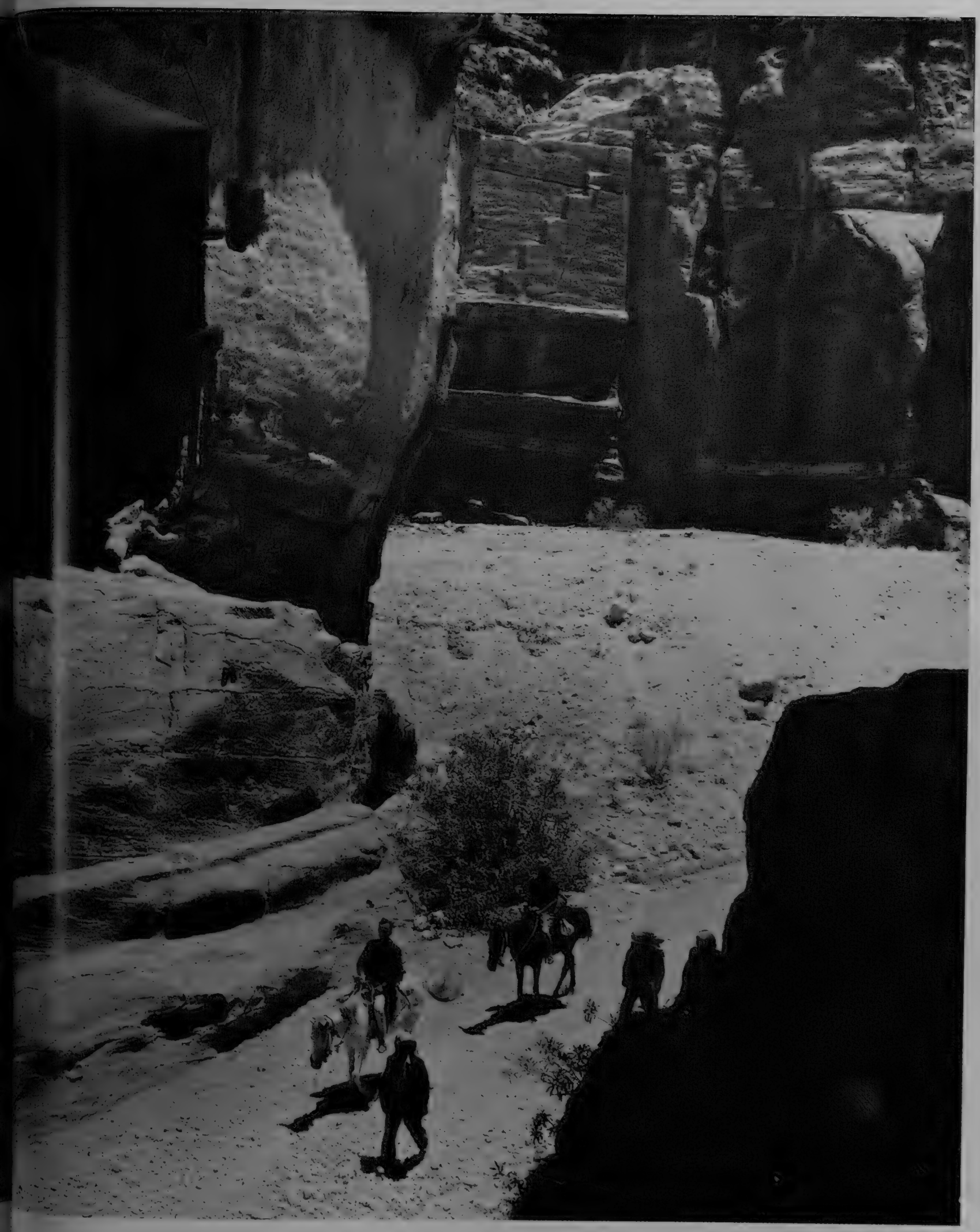
continued from page 412

Above: The Urn tomb has an inscription on one of its walls showing that it was used as a Christian church in A.D. 447. Like many of the more exposed buildings in Petra it has suffered from erosion, but the colonnade surrounding the central courtyard is still intact. The Urn tomb is grouped with the Florentine, Corinthian and Palace tombs to the north of the Roman amphitheatre. Much restoration of the ruins has been undertaken by the Jordanian Department of Antiquities

Top: The Government rest house at Petra, recently completed to an Italian design, augments the accommodation already available there. It was opened this year in time for the second of the two seasons that Petra has for tourists, from September 15 to October 30. The first is from March 15 to May 31. At other times of the year it is either too hot or too wet. Sudden torrents in the wet season imperil travellers down the narrow Siq. Petra has about 6,000 visitors every year. Even larger numbers are expected next year

Above: At the camp in the heart of the city, two caves have been transformed into sleeping accommodation for tourists. It was in caves of this type that the Nabataeans lived around 300 B.C. They were guardians of the caravans moving north to the Mediterranean

Right: Farther down the defile from the Treasury there are numerous carved temples, palaces, tombs and cave dwellings. The quality of the sandstone rock is particularly suited to intricate carving



SCILLY ISLANDS LIVING

416 "ISLAND WANTED. Must have habitable residence, harbour and garden. Box ...." Advertisements like that appear surprisingly often in the personal columns of our newspapers.

The urge to dwell on islands is old: older than history. History cannot tell us when men first paddled or sailed across the waters to found communities on little sea-encircled pieces of land. But it was certainly as early as the megalithic period, as witness the graves and middens on many of the small islands around our coasts. The urge that drove those early men to seek a home in some isolated place, the urge that drove their Celtic successors, was the same urge as that which prompts the modern advertiser—to escape. In early times to escape from enemies: today to escape from life. But with this great difference. Early man and his Celtic successors were prepared to work, and to build from nothing, to make themselves a new life. The modern advertiser wants his cake with jam on it. Habitable residence, harbour, garden, the lot: isolation with all mod. cons. He wants to escape, but he also wants to be "king" of his own little country. Small islands with habitable residence, harbour, garden, all the conveniences, are few and far between. And those there are do not come on to the market very often. But there are plenty of uninhabited islands around our coasts; though, maybe, not for sale. But it should not be very difficult, if you really want to escape (and are prepared to work) to find a small habitable island.

Indeed, visiting them, one cannot but wonder why some, previously inhabited, should now be deserted. It is easy enough to understand why some (St. Kilda, for example) should have been evacuated. The climate, distance from neighbours, difficulty of marketing produce owing to lack of communications, make life impossible under modern conditions. But the Isles of Scilly? Why should some of these islands, previously inhabited, be deserted? The climate is excellent and communications with the other islands, and with the mainland, are certainly no worse than they are in the western Highlands, or than they will be in central Wales when Dr Beeching has finished with it.

The 143 islands and rocks which make up the Isles of Scilly lie 28 miles from Land's End: 40 miles from Penzance by boat, but only a few minutes by air from western Cornwall. Yet only five are inhabited. The total population is just over 2,000, more than half of which lives on St. Mary's, the rest being scattered between St. Agnes, Bryher, Tresco and St. Martin's. But a number of the other islands have been inhabited in the past—Samson, Tean and St. Helen's: Samson in recent times—and they certainly could be again. Samson, for example, once supported a population of 50. It was finally evacuated by order of Augustus Smith, Lord Proprietor of the Isles, a dictatorial and singularly unpopular gentleman—"he was as terrible as an army with banners"—who (though he did not inspire the flower-growing industry which is now the mainspring of Scillonian life) brought organisation to the islands and laid the foundations of their present prosperity. The chief reason given for the final eviction was the difficulty of communication in winter. One cannot avoid the suspicion that the eviction was really in the interest of Augustus Smith rather than the islanders. They, after all, had survived many winters and they did not want to move. Samson has remained uninhabited. But if communication in winter was difficult, even at times impossible, in the last century—and it certainly was—conditions today are very different. Today, all the inhabited islands have electricity and the telephone. It would not be an insuperable task to provide these facilities for some of the islands now uninhabited.

If you walk over the islands, the inhabited and some of the uninhabited, you see everywhere ancient walls criss-crossing them. Some of these walls run away over the flats exposed at low tide—in places at the lowest ebb of spring tides you can walk from one island to another—which suggests that once the "inland sea" was land and farmed. (Have we, in the overrunning of this central area by the sea, the origin of the legend of the drowned land of Lyonesse?) Indeed, walking over the islands, one cannot escape the conclusion that they were once more intensively farmed (excluding the flower-growing industry, of course) than they are today.

Undoubtedly, as things are, the islands are carrying what may well be their maximum working population. But there is much under-farmed, even wasted, land in the Scillies. Could it not, the landlords permitting, be brought into cultivation by determined men and made to provide a living for them and their families? You would think so. Thirty years ago, perhaps: but not today. For something more than determination is required to make a "go" of life on a small island. You must also have an "island" mentality, an inner spiritual strength. To live an island life, certainly to live one which involves working the land, you must be very self-sufficient, able to use your own initiative, able to utilise local resources, to improvise. Thirty years ago all this was possible. Today, we have a central bureaucracy: it is becomng steadily less possible to be self-sufficient. Moreover, the whole trend of modern education tends to encourage a flock-mind.

It is no longer a question of re-inhabiting habitable islands, but of whether it is possible to do more than keep the pot simmering for the agricultural (or horticultural) communities of small islands. In view of the undeniable strength of the flower industry it may seem foolish to pose that question for the Isles of Scilly. But flower industry notwithstanding, where would the Isles of Scilly be but for the tourist trade? In Holy Island no longer is the economy based upon farming or fishing, but on hotels and boarding houses. If that is not yet wholly true of the Isles of Scilly, the day when it will be is not, I think, far off. The world is becoming too small even for small islands.

The harbour at Hightown on St. Mary's, the largest and most densely populated of the Scilly Isles

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Wakes boil behind 54 competitors in the *Daily Express* Powerboat Race. *A Speranziella* (top centre, No. 16) won

The results and the events of the third International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race conclusively established the fact that this contest has become the world's great classic for motorboats, and supersedes the Miami-Nassau Race which has up to now been regarded in that role. Its effect on the development of hull design and suitable power units is already very much in evidence, although in my view it is still early days in relation to what is to come.

There are great problems left unsolved: how to overcome the tremendous forces of sea and weather and reduce the effect of the hazards which present themselves. Great things were expected from two boats in particular which used the combined power of four Jaguar 3·8 engines to propel them. Because of the shape of hulls and the distribution of weight needed to get the best speed, and also because of other purely technical things, the four engines could not be arranged to drive one or even two shafts, but were employed to drive four separate propellers. The sum total of drag produced by four propellers was too much to get the full effect of the power of the engines to drive the boats, and neither of these two boats fulfilled the expectations. One of them, Dr E. Savundra's *Jackie S*, appeared to be difficult to control at high speed and after colliding with a pleasure boat retired from the race.

Tramontana II, the other of the boats, fared better; she finished third but, due to a navigational error, had to be disqualified. These two boats each had a stated 1,000 h.p. under their decks, 200 more than the next highest entered in the race. While it is not possible to draw definite conclusions from this result, it appears that it is doubtful, to say the least, if this source of power is really efficient.

Dr Renato Levi, whose *A Speranziella* was the winner, deserved his success if only for his perseverance. This was his third try. In 1961 he had to retire with engine failure and last year, when he successfully completed the course, he realised that he did not pass one of the marks on the correct side, and so disqualified himself. When he was asked after the finish, how he managed to win against bigger and more powerful boats, he answered with a surprisingly English accent and understatement: "We just had a trouble-free run." This laconic statement puts the essence of this race into a nutshell: all you need is a trouble-free run, but that is a most difficult thing to achieve.

Talking to the drivers of the best-placed boats, including the second and third, there was not one who had a trouble-free run. They all had struggles with waterhoses popping, engine bearers working loose, and worse.

Mrs Sell, wife of Commander Michael Sell of Portsmouth, presents the trophy to Renato Levi

Mrs Max Aitken, whose *Ultra Violet* was fifth, came to a temporary halt on the very last leg of the exhausting 170-mile course between the Skerries Buoy and the finishing line. It was possible to make quick repairs to the engines however, so that she did not even lose her place, and gained the Ladies' prize.

It was a great battle against the hostile elements, and for some years it will remain that. In spite of the combined skill of designer, builder and engine-maker, this is the kind of racing where results are more unpredictable than in any other. It is this uncertainty which makes it an exciting and fascinating competition for those in it as well as those watching and following it.

A LIFT IN LISBON BY SYLVIE NICKELS

One of Lisbon's most memorable features is its street lifts which are much used in rus[illegible]our travel

418 It is quite astonishing how many cities have been built on seven hills; among them is Lisbon. Today, however, the city sprawls across no less than 11, a fact which accounts for many things: the views, of course, and the wonderful light that is the city's special secret; and those strange lifts which are to many a Lisboan's rush hour as the tube is to a Londoner, though Lisbon now has its own extraordinarily elegant subway as well.

The first-time visitor could do very much worse than begin by seeking out the two most conventional views, among the loveliest you will find in any city. The first is from Castelo de Sao Jorge (St. George's Castle) looking down over the tumbled rooftops to Praça do Comércio and its aloof ministerial buildings with the Tagus busily engaged beyond. The second is in reverse: from the Tagus ferry looking back to the Praça do Comércio, and St. George's Castle.

The series of parallel streets, with which the Marquis of Pombal replaced the tragic débris of the 1755 earthquake, lead from the Tagus and Praça do Comércio to Praça Rossio, the hub of the city's life. Beyond it stretches the main artery of Lisbon, Avenida da Liberdade, which leads in turn to Pombal's statue standing before Eduardo VII Park and a splendid view the entire length of the Avenue. A similar view is shared by the excellent Hotel Ritz.

Lisbon admirably fulfils that oldest of clichés, a " city of contrasts." Only a short distance from the spaciousness of Avenida da Liberdade is the Alfama district, clustered at the feet of St. George's Castle, where the alleyways are just about wide enough to be one-way streets when they are not steep flights of steps twisting amid aged houses towards the bright blue crack of the sky. Another ancient district is Mouraria and, when night has fallen, the more energetic visitors who can be seen wandering on foot in defiance of the Portuguese sun, are replaced by the taxis drawing up outside the little restaurants and cabarets.

Lisbon lives up to its reputation as a gay city, though its best known traditional attraction, the *fado*, certainly is not gay. This haunting lament of unrequited love should, however, be heard (there is also the livelier version that originates from the university town of Coimbra). A good place to hear it, even though it is one of the most obvious for foreign visitors, is at the Faia restaurant where I first heard Lucilia do Carmo five years ago, and again only a few months back. It may be a tourist haunt, but you will hear a fine artist. Not so easy to find are the little places where the *fado* singers go themselves: places such as Casa a Cesária, where they don't put your national flag on the table, and where the smoke is thicker, the noise louder—and the prices lower.

After a night exploring Lisbon, one of the coolest and most calming of places is the Estufa Fria in Edward VII Park. This means, literally, " cool greenhouse " and is, in fact, a sumptuous tropical garden peaceful with the placid sound of water. Of a quite different appeal are the formal gardens of the palace of Queluz, about eight miles from the centre of Lisbon. This gracious piece of rococo has been the residence of several Portuguese kings and can even claim that Queen Elizabeth (II) slept here. It takes little imagination to hear the sound of royal footsteps passing between those perfect, miniature, trimmed hedges, pausing to look closer at the wealth of statuary, or glancing back along their deep black shadows to the faded pink and green of the palace building. Until the bell clangs rudely at seven o'clock and it is time to hand this peaceful other world back to its royal ghosts.

The road to Queluz takes you through another park—Florestal de Monsanto—with some fine views over the city. You can return via the Tagus-side, taking in the monastery of Jerónimos and the 16th-century Torre de Belém nearby. This rough equivalent to London's Tower—smaller, but just as forbidding as it rises from the Tagus waters—marks the spot from which Vasco da Gama and others set off in search of new worlds. One prefers not to imagine the prisoners who languished in dungeons that were flooded with each tide. Nearby is the beautiful new stone Monument of Discoveries, a fine memorial to Prince Henry the Navigator.

Probably the second most famous place in Portugal is Estoril, which lies about 20 minutes away by the frequent electric trains which serve this short stretch of riviera. Personally, I think there are many more preferable parts of the Portuguese coast and, by Portuguese standards, the beaches are small. But it is undoubtedly sophisticated and lively as becomes a district that is the haunt of a goodly proportion of Europe's ex-royalty and their followers. Just beyond Estoril, the fishing village of Cascais is fast becoming as fashionable, though the lights of fishing-boats still bob on the water at night, and there are some excellent fish restaurants round the little harbour.

In thickly wooded hills above the coast is Sintra, a memorable and colourful little town, dominated by its famous palace. The vegetation in this district is lush in the extreme and the gardens of Montserrat nearby rank among the finest in Europe.

A longer excursion takes you across the Tagus to a wonderful stretch of coast around Arrábida, about 25 miles away. Though it can easily be visited in a day, it would be far better to linger a while at one of the small resorts in the vicinity. The coast caught at the feet of this steep mountain complex is of great beauty, the water of fantastic translucence, and I have fond memories of an excellent meal at the little *estalagem* (inn) overlooking this scene which was enlivened by a school of porpoises cavorting out in the bay. To the east of Arrábida is the town of Setúbal, which in June becomes a

The beach at Portinho da Arrábida, one of the number of small resorts situated along a fine stretch of coast about 25 miles from Lisbon across the Tagus

purple mist of jacaranda, while inland, overlooking this marvellous coast, is the ruined fortress of Palmela, clinging to the heights above a straggling village. Accommodation in the area is limited but the 2nd-class Espadarte at Sesimbra west of Arrábida overlooks the sea, and full board per person per day in double room with bath is very reasonable at about 30s.

Indeed, among the pleasures of Portugal still are its low prices. One escudo is 3d and for just this sum you can buy the beautiful views of Lisbon from the Tagus ferry. This is one aspect of Lisbon on which the new Tagus bridge, due for completion in 1967, will not be able to improve—though in terms of speedier communications with the south bank, it will be a great and overdue blessing.

For further information: Portuguese State Information and Tourist Office, 20, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.11.

Means of access: London-Lisbon, by TAP Portuguese Airways, BEA, etc.), from £39 17s mid-week night tourist excursion (available until October 31) to £89 8s 1st-class return. After October 31, lowest return fare is £60 3s. By rail/sea London-Lisbon, via Paris, £42 8s 1st-class return, excluding sleeping berth and meals; £27 2s 2nd-class return. By sea, from UK ports, from about £25 1st-class single, from about £16 tourist-class single.

SPEEDING AIR BOOKINGS

Electronic booking of airline seats looms nearer, with so much saving of time and uncertainty. From September 5, a new installation at BOAC Airways Terminal in London will supply press-button information to their offices in New York on the state of booking on any flight up to 140 days ahead. A reservations clerk 3,500 miles away will know immediately from lights on a panel whether seats are available, and also on any nine alternative flights which can be offered to the passenger. This is an extension of a service which was installed in Montreal six months ago. Travel agents or airline sales staff anywhere in Canada or the United States will now be able to supply by telephone up-to-the-minute information. This will be a great boon to the busy businessman. Another service which is not generally known is that American Airlines representatives meet large passenger ships on arrival in New York, who can make reservations and speed onward journeys by air.

National prestige seems to require, these days, a national airline. The latest of them is to be Air Jamaica, which will start operations in December. Although this will be a Jamaican enterprise, for the first five years it will be operated by crews and planes of BOAC and BWIA.

Sending samples and goods by air is now commonplace. The new TWA cargo-flight schedule between London and New York reflects the increased demand. There are now three services a week, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, leaving at midnight. An extensive route network ensures immediate forwarding to 70 cities in the United States.

An interesting booklet has just been published by BEA on winter sports. It contains valuable information about the price of holidays at various resorts, together with factual details of ski-ing conditions in France, Switzerland, Italy and Austria. One of the interesting features is a table on the cost of living and what you can expect to pay for various items. It is curious to note that a cup of coffee in France costs 1s, in Italy 7d, in Switzerland 1s 3d, and in Austria 1s 6d, while a cup of tea is cheapest in Switzerland. Meals average out at 15s a time except in Austria, where 11s 6d is quoted. Prices of a two-week holiday, including air fares, vary from £50 18s. to £83 12s. in France, from £52 19s. to £91 19s. in Italy and from £42 4s to £72 2s in Switzerland, and from £41 1s to £57 in Austria. These are only given as a guide when making plans with a travel agent.

The same company has also issued a planning guide for winter sunshine holidays which contains not only an idea of prices in various countries but tit-bits of information which it would be difficult to find elsewhere. Various tables and a sample list of foreign phrases make this little booklet not only useful in helping to choose a winter holiday, but also when you arrive. Both guides are very beautifully produced, illustrated in colour and are of a very handy size. **W.D.C.C.**

HABITUAL CRIMINAL

420 **The Unknown Citizen** by Tony Parker: Hutchinson. 18s, is a case history: the story of an habitual criminal, a man who spends his life in and out of prison, ineffectual and rootless whether serving a sentence or at liberty. Mr Parker has examined the life, the convictions and the character of "Charlie Smith" and has set down his findings in a book of remarkable interest although he says of it himself that it is "an unscientific study by an untrained observer of an insufficiently understood problem." Charlie is a man of 48 who looks more than ten years older. There are many men like him, some better, many worse. He finds it difficult to communicate (and that must have been one of the chief problems in assembling the factual basis for this study) but he is perfectly willing to supply the material and the conclusions that emerge include the realisation that prison alone is no kind of answer to any one of the thousands of cases like his. Mr Parker is to be congratulated on the directness, sincerity and total lack of cant in what may prove an important contribution to sociological thinking.

Wild Favours by Eileen A. Soper: Hutchinson. 25s, comes as a complete contrast to the book above, being the work of a distinguished naturalist who is also an artist and whose delicate and spirited pencil drawings enliven a volume of nature reminiscences. A career of this kind must also be a dedication. Not everyone would find their happiness or reward in crawling round chalk pits on evenings of pouring rain or in following badgers' paths through tangled hawthorn thickets. As a friend of Miss Soper's once asked her, with some justification: "Why do you do it?" This book is a full and delightful answer which will enchant inquiring townsfolk among its readers and strike pleasantly familiar notes for country dwellers. Miss Soper's observations of birds together with her sketches of them in flight or at perch are especially perceptive and there is an amusing series of sketches of a squirrel and a pheasant feeding in company. My favourite is the foraging habit of a long-tailed fieldmouse.

Shakespeare *The Mystery* by George Elliott Sweet: Spearman. 21s, is devoted, as you will have guessed, to yet another examination of the problem of the plays' authorship. Was there a Warwickshire man called Shakespeare who wrote them all? Was he only part-author? Or was he merely a "front" for geniuses as diverse as Francis Bacon or Sir Walter Raleigh or the Earls, respectively, of Derby, Oxford and Rutland? An American don, Professor Sweet, who is by profession a geophysicist, contributes his own quota of instinct plus reasoned thinking to the question. Shakespeare's work was written by Queen Elizabeth, he says, and brings some powerful arguments to substantiate his theory. Entertaining if not wholly convincing reading.

The Unicorn by Iris Murdoch: Chatto and Windus. 21s, displays a new facet in the work of an eminent novelist: the Gothic tale or fairy story. For it would be difficult and demonstrably far from the writer's intention to take this story at the face value of an uncomfortable but wholly human adventure. There is more to be read into it than that and possibly each individual reader will furnish his own version of the message which this strange tale tells. The scene is a big, lonely house on a remote, western coast and to this Victorian fortress comes a young woman as governess only to find that her pupil is not to be a child but a beautiful, relatively young woman who exists in a state of semi-imprisonment. Is this condition imaginary—self-imposed—actual? The bewildered teacher, herself recovering from an emotional setback, has to decide this among other enigmas and, like everyone else in the strange household, either fails or distrusts her own decision. An exceptional book; enormously readable but not wholly satisfying.

Eternal Fire by Calder Willingham: Arthur Barker. 21s, is one of those whacking great American novels, hundreds of pages long, packed with dialogue, description and detail and containing the stuff of at least three normally shaped novels. It is also funny (which most of them are not), ribald, objective and highly civilised. In other words, it is, if you are not daunted by considerations of its actual weight in pounds and ounces, a very readable story indeed and one that should put a sizeable dent into the sequence of deep south romances and "realistic" sagas. Mr Willingham appears to take a swing at everyone from Mitchell to Faulkner and also seems to have had a better time than even the prospective reader, in inventing his all too possible eccentrics and his bewildered young protagoni[illegible].

Heat Hen Valley by Romulus L[illegible]y: Cassell. 21s, has a good deal to do with t[illegible] American south, too, though it lacks the fireworks and dazzle of the book above. This is Mr Linney's first novel and it is a stark and compelling piece of work which may prove hard going for some of us. The valley itself is a desolate one in North Carolina, inhabited by lawless, violent people to whom comes a bishop with the mission of

VICTORIAN EXPANSION

Rhodes by J. G. Lockhart and the Hon. C. M. Woodhouse: Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

Victorian Cities by Asa Briggs: Odhams. 35s.

Try Anything Twice by Desmond Young: Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

The Standard Bearer by Peter Verney: Hutchinson. 35s.

Alfred Mynn and the Cricketers of His Time by Patrick Morrah: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

Allis Through the Looking Glass: *My World of Golf* by Peter Allis with Bob Ferrer: Cassell. 30s.

The man who sought to paint the whole of Africa red on the map would have a rude shock were he to see it today. How far must Rhodes be held responsible for the stresses and strains in Africa today, especially in the southern part of the continent? One can judge for oneself from the admirable new biography by J. G. Lockhart and the Hon. C. M. Woodhouse. They are the first writers to have had unrestricted use of the Rhodes Papers. Mr Lockhart, who died recently, is largely responsible for the earlier chapters, Mr Woodhouse for the later. Between them they draw a balanced portait of the Vicar of Stortford's son and his turbulent career. From the moment he arrived in Africa it absorbed him and while he was making the beginnings of his fortune in Kimberley and alternating his time with residence at Oxford University, he was already having big dreams for the future of southern Africa. Expansion to the north was his constant theme and gradually he put it into practice. In business and in politics Rhodes had a way of winning round by persuasive talk those who at first opposed him. The authors give several examples of this. But there was one man he could not win round, Paul Kruger. Between the Englishman and the Boer there grew an implacable hatred, which evinced itself in the Jameson Raid and the Boer War, the consequences of which are very apparent today. Messrs Lockhart and Woodhouse deal with the raid in detail as they do with the prelude to the Boer War. Regarding Rhodes' character and achievements, the authors observe that his admirers tended to be those who knew him best, his detractors those who were not so well acquainted with him. The country named after him in Africa is now in a state of flux. His permanent memorial is more likely to be the educational trust for scholars at Oxford which was founded under his will.

Mr Asa Briggs' book is a companion to his earlier *Victorian People* and treats of a selection of cities which developed in the Victorian era. Among them are Manchester, which generated a new order of business men and a new class of working men having a new influence in national affairs; Birmingham, described by a visitor from America as "the best-governed city in the world"; and there is an extremely interesting chapter on Melbourne, perhaps the best example of a community of the period overseas. Mr Briggs, who is Professor of History and Dean of Social Studies at the new University of Sussex, has the eye for ironic detail which is the mark of the true historian. For instance, he quotes from Engels' *Conditions of the Working Class* which is based on observations made in Manchester and remarks that if Engels had not lived there when conditions were very bad but in Birmingham, his conception of "class" and his theories of its role in history might have been very different. "In this case Marx might have been not a Communist but a currency reformer."

Men who have done everything and seen everything often seem rather intimidating, but Desmond Young in his autobiography is revealed as anything but intimidating. A great zest pervades his story, told with much charm and finesse. Desmond Young was the young author, in the First World War, of a best-seller, a book of verses called *The Hun Haters*, and after the Second World War, of a penetrating study of Rommel. To give an idea of the scope of the author's experiences it is best to append a short list, by no means inclusive, of his various jobs: one of the first trainees with Shell, manager of the Chiswick Empire, schoolmaster, salvage expert, editor of newspapers in South Africa and India, escapee from an Italian prisoner-of-war camp, and Director of Public Relations to the Indian Navy, Army and Air Force. In his headlong story, Mr Young pauses to pay effective tribute to his remarkable father, Commodore Sir Fred-

bringing them some sort of sane hope for the future. He is accompanied by a tough, drunken tramp who, improbably, becomes the bishop's disciple and go-between. A difficult, highly emotional theme, set in the mid-19th century.

Madame Castel's Lodger by Frances Parkinson Keyes: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s, is a more mannerly tale of America during the Civil War and particularly of the gallant General Beauregard, hero of those times, professional soldier and most dashing of the Southern generals. Mrs Keyes, who herself lives in beautiful Beauregard House in New Orleans, writes with her customary grace and fire about this extraordinary figure and has made him the focal point and inspiration of her best historical romance since *Dinner at Antoine's*, that other story with a Louisiana background.

Fifth Planet by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle: Heinemann. 16s, has been composed by famous father and competent son to represent an imaginary excursion into the 21st century. It is both an exciting scientific romance and a briskly satirical commentary and the incisive style and clarity of its narrative are most attractive. The world, at the time of the fantasy, is divided into two equal power blocs, existing in a state of constant tension.

A Life by Italo Svevo: Secker and Warburg. 25s, translation from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun. This, the first of his novels, is part of a uniform edition of the writer's work and has not before appeared in English. Ironical, tender yet realistic, it is a superb introduction to a series of exceptional novels. **Vernon Fane**

erick Young, one of the great experts in the salvaging of wrecked ships.

Major Peter Verney has written a life of Sir Edmund Verney, his ancestor. Sir Edmund was standard-bearer to Charles I at Edgehill and such was his loyalty that after his death in the battle his hand had to be severed to wrench the standard from him. Loyalty was the overwhelming quality in the man who in principle and conscience was probably closer to the Parliamentarians. But he could not desert his royal master. Sir Edmund's real desire was to live quietly on his country estate at Claydon. But, as Major Verney shows, events ordained otherwise and from the mass of papers at Claydon we are given a fascinating picture of the age.

It is over 100 years since Alfred Mynn died, yet Mr Morrah's volume is the first full-length biography of him. Cricket was in one of its major stages of development when Mynn was in his prime and, familiar ring for us today, controversies raged around the fairness of certain forms of bowling. Mr Morrah shows us all the other great cricketers of the day and relates the many great matches in which they took part. The book is a sure magnet for cricket lovers.

Equally, golfers will give top priority to Mr Allis's story. The man who ten years ago first appeared in the Ryder Cup matches, has often been a controversial figure. While this is partly a chatty record of top-golfing in many countries, the author also drives straight and true at some of the criticisms made of him. **Charles Dimont**

Brünnhilde (Birgit Nilsson) and Siegfried (Wolfgang Windgassen) in a scene from *Götterdämmerung*

TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

THE new season at the Royal Opera House began with a new production of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, the final section of The Ring. It is being shown this autumn by itself. The production is by Hans Hotter against a magnificent setting by Gunther Schneider-Siemssen, based throughout on a circular ramp, evidently the ring itself. It is clear from the reception accorded the new version by the Press and public that Wagner lovers have here a treat. Much of the credit should go to the Opera House's Musical Director, Georg Solti, who has provided a tautly controlled reading of the score with great breadth. Brünnhilde is sung by the Swedish soprano Birgit Nilsson; Siegfried by Wolfgang Windgassen; Gunther by Thomas Stewart; Hagen by Gottlob Frick; Waltraute by Josephine Veasey; Gutrune by Maire Collier; and Alberich by Otakar Kraus. Other operas being given at Covent Garden this autumn are *Lohengrin* with Leonie Rysanek, Hans Hopf and Gustav Neidlinger, *La Bohème* with Giuseppe di Stefano as Rodolfo, and Poulenc's *The Carmelites*, being revived after more than four years.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **DENIS WHEELER**

Dr Wheeler is President of the Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry, an office which is customarily held for two years. Born in Bristol in 1910, he graduated from the University of Bristol and then, as a Salters' Fellow, studied at Princeton University in the US. He joined ICI on his return to this country and, in 1946, took up an appointment with The Wellcome Foundation Ltd., becoming Assistant Managing Director later that year. He has been Managing Director of this world-wide group of companies since 1948, first as Joint Managing Director and since 1955 as sole Managing Director. Dr Wheeler has played an active part in his industry's efforts to improve productivity, and for three years was Chairman of the chemical industry's National Productivity Committee. He has always had a strong personal interest in management training, especially at senior management levels, and he is frequently called upon as a guest speaker at management courses and conferences. In addition to his work in and for the industry, Dr Wheeler has given up time to work for spastics. He is Chairman of the Spastics Society, which was created by the amalgamation of the National Spastics Society and the British Council for the Welfare of Spastics. He is a Liveryman of the Salters Company, the Worshipful Society of Apothecaries of London and the Dyers Company and also serves as a member of the Council of the Animal Health Trust. He is a member of the Athenaeum. Dr Wheeler is married with one daughter, and lives at Nettleden in Hertfordshire. His hobbies are golf and country pursuits, and he takes a keen interest in polo

PROFIT FROM MOTORWAYS? *by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent*

The first time I drove up the M.1, shortly after it was opened, my engine overheated and I nearly ran out of petrol—in common with the experience of many motorists out mainly to see what the road was like. Traffic was quite heavy then, very fast and with no "lane discipline"; one assumed that as the joy-riders dropped out, regular traffic would build up steadily, and that average speeds would come down too. The last time I drove down this motorway a few weeks ago traffic was not as heavy. Drivers sorted themselves out better, but speeds didn't seem to have come down much. For once, individual impressions seem to have been broadly in line with statistical averages: M.1, according to the Road Research Laboratory, has not built up traffic as fast as was expected, but by the same token average speeds on it have turned out considerably faster. Rather fewer vehicles, that is to say, have been saving a good deal more time each.

The economic and business significance of this is that vehicle time saved represents what might be considered the return on this big item of road investment, and that the real justification of Britain's now sizeable motorway programme can only be measured, eventually, in those terms. The M.1 is now only one among several large pieces of magnificent motor road now beginning to turn Mr Marples' impressive maps into reality: some 250 miles of assorted motorways are in use, and another 150 miles under construction. There seems no reason why Britain should not have its 1,000 miles by 1970.

But those 1,000 miles, if one reckons them at today's costs, may cost £600 million; that allows a much higher figure than we paid for the earliest stretches such as M.1, but the six years to 1970 are certain to see some further inflation in construction costs. And economists, who are nowadays being called in more and more in the planning of road investment, are beginning to look more critically at the kind of "national return" on this public money.

Much of what is called "cost-benefit" figuring involves almost metaphysical assumptions: it involves, for example, putting a value on the spare time of private individuals. In comparison with business investment, where a given investment on buildings and equipment allows the processing of a given amount of materials into goods that are finally sold at definite prices, this is inevitably a hazy and debatable way of estimating returns. But a road, up to now, is offered to the public as a free good, and certainly the British public will be hard to persuade to pay for it. It costs a lot of public money that could as easily be spent on other virtuous uses—say schools or hospitals—or even left in the taxpayer's pocket. If a Government is to make sensible choices in public investment, which amounts in Britain to about £2,000 million a year, it needs to persevere with, and refine, this kind of calculation.

The fact that private motorists don't "cost" their time does not alter the fact that we put a value on it, and press the Government to improve roads to save it. Moreover, the other motor vehicles that use the road—vans, lorries, and buses—are making directly commercial use of it, and do measure what it costs them. So far as M.1 is concerned, there has now been time to get some first ideas of what these road users think travelling on it is saving them. Mr A. J. Harrison, of Oxford University, has recently published some results of a survey undertaken among road transport operators who use M.1 and other motorways—or, in one or two cases, have deliberately decided not to use them.

What were the savings predicted, and how have they worked out? The basic saving, obviously, was in time spent by vehicles making journeys which could be made via the motorway; but how is this translated into economies for a road haulage business or department involved? The original estimates took account of the fact that not all the time saved could be efficiently utilised (the fact, for example, that an hour off an eight-hour journey may not enable more seven-hour journeys to be made, because of conventional working hours). But they assumed that similar difficulties, before the motorway became available, must already have been holding up similar operating economies with slightly longer journeys, which use of the motorway would in its turn make actually practicable.

In practice, the extent to which these time savings are being converted into cost savings—more use of vehicles, and wage savings—appears to have varied enormously. A large number of the firms consulted complained that any time saved on the motorway tended to be offset by time lost elsewhere on the journey and by terminal delays. That doesn't wipe out the motorway savings, since the growing congestion elsewhere would presumably have happened anyway; but it conceals their effect. A number of "C" licence operators, carrying their own goods and legally banned from carrying other people's, gained little benefit because their capacity was already sufficient to carry the production they had to move; in the short run, the utilisation of their vehicles in terms of hours worked went down. Over time, however, these transport departments—and some public hauliers who gained no immediate advantage—should be able to handle a given increase in traffic with a less than proportionate increase in their fleets. So far as wage savings were concerned, these were small, and not many firms managed to secure any.

What did emerge from the survey was that certain increases in costs due to motorway driving—in these early years at least—turned out to be more significant than expected. There seems to have been little saving in fuel consumption, and some operators said their vehicles were using more. A preponderance of firms reported heavier wear on tyres, though this seems to have been mainly because the tyres in use, or their inflation pressures, weren't properly chosen for motorway driving: the special fast buses that the Midland Red company designed for this kind of road operate at 75 m.p.h. with, if anything, rather less tyre wear than other buses on normal roads. On brake and engine wear, though there seems again no reason why these should increase, several companies did report heavier costs on maintenance. It does seem possible that in general the higher speeds do require a better standard of "vehicle fitness".

Mr Harrison did not conclude from this that investment in motorways was showing too low a return to be worth while. On the contrary, his conclusion is that a small motorway programme, used by vehicles which have to spend most of their time on other kinds of road, gets very low returns in its initial stages, and that in particular isolated stretches of motorway are unwise because of their effects upon normal roads around or connecting them. So the sooner the whole programme is completed, the more the chance of getting worthwhile returns out of each part of it.

If users' returns from the motorways are taking time to accrue, the constructors that build them can add that their own, more mundane profits haven't yet been princely, either. Laing, the company that built M.1, is reported to have made no profit on it, while certain sub-contractors made losses. Other contractors on the succeeding sections, who quoted relatively low and moreover firm prices for the jobs, without escalation, have run into sharper rises in costs than they were able to budget for in putting in successful tenders. During much of the time that motorway contracts were being let out, building demand in general was not as intense as it is becoming now; and though this is a most specialised kind of construction, with its own, adequate capacity in plant, labour costs right across the industry do rise as unions take advantage of pressure. In terms of initial cost, as well as eventual return, the quicker Britain gets its motorway programme complete the better.

A Daimler Fleetline bus takes part in the procession of the Lord Mayor of London through the streets of Zurich. Part of the festivities of the Lord Mayor's visit to the city, it was one of the highlights of the large-scale British Fortnight and Industrial Trade Fair held in Zurich earlier this month

MAKING MEDICINES

by **G. E. YATES,**
Director of the Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry

424 There were over 200 million prescriptions supplied under the National Health Service alone last year, and in fact everybody has first-hand knowledge of medicines at some time in his life. The industry which produces them is a modern and vigorous one, and this outline seeks to indicate briefly its characteristic features and some of the problems it is handling.

There are 158 companies which manufacture or deal wholesale in drugs for prescription by the medical profession, and in veterinary medicines, grouped in the Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry, and they account for about 95 per cent. of production by value. About 90 companies providing remedies for minor ailments, and sold as " proprietary " products, are represented by the Proprietary Association of Great Britain. Some companies are members of both Associations. It is with the first group that we are mainly concerned here. They range from large concerns operating in a score or more countries, and major units in some of the world's largest industrial combines, to relatively small family-based businesses. The size of units is tending to increase as a result of amalgamations and take-overs under the stresses of competition, and this tendency seems likely to continue.

The pharmaceutical industry is essentially an international one. British firms have many subsidiaries in the Commonwealth and in other countries, in all continents. US, Swiss, German, French and other firms have subsidiaries in this country. The new medicines discovered and introduced in one country quickly become known to the medical profession in others, and there is constant comparison and competition between products across national frontiers. Within Europe, in addition to links between individual firms, the pharmaceutical industries of the EFTA countries are grouped in the Pharmaceutical Industries' Association (PIA). PIA has close links with the corresponding body for the countries in the European Common Market, namely the Groupement International de l'Industrie Pharmaceutique (GIIP).

The industry makes many thousands of separate products corresponding to the complex requirements of modern medicine: most firms tend to specialise to some extent in particular groups of drugs.

Research to discover new and improved drugs, and the development of industrial processes to make them available on a large scale at commercial prices, has steadily become more important in the industry. The great majority of prescription drugs nowadays are synthetic chemicals or fermentation products. The wide range of antibiotics, steroids, hormones, vitamins, antihistamines, tranquillisers and hypotensives resulting from this research are powerful therapeutic agents with specific effects. They have largely displaced older drugs, many of which treated symptoms or had rather vague effects. They have become the doctor's most useful ally in the treatment of a great many diseases, and the number of lives they save and the number of individuals whose useful working capacity they maintain steadily increases each year. Particularly spectacular advances have been achieved in our time, for instance, in the treatment of diphtheria, puerperal sepsis, mastoiditis, pneumonia and tuberculosis, which used to be 'killer' diseases on a large scale. This is the 'therapeutic revolution' of medical literature. Under the stimulus of competition, these 'wonder drugs' are continually being replaced over the whole or a part of their range of application by even better ones.

The British sector of the international industry, as it may be thought of, has made a notable contribution to this revolution, and the process continues. Recent British achievements have been the discovery and development of a new series of penicillins with an increased range of application, halothane, a new anaesthetic with particular advantages in maintaining a patient in light or deep 'sleep', and griseofulvin, another new antibiotic for treating fungal diseases.

The amounts spent on research are steadily rising. The proportion of graduates engaged in research is the highest of any British industry. For an individual firm to enter the research field at all the minimum stake is now about a quarter of a million pounds a year; this would allow for research in a restricted field where a firm has special knowledge. A stake in the general field of drug research is likely to demand four times as much. The annual rate of expenditure of pharmaceutical firms in Britain is now estimated to be approaching £10 million a year. It is risky as well as expensive; one well-known firm spent £750,000 in a courageous but unsuccessful attempt to develop a compound to treat certain virus diseases.

The question of the safety of drugs has received much public attention during the past year. Nearly all powerful therapeutic agents are liable under certain conditions to have some undesirable effects. In this sense the safety of drugs is relative—to the nature of the disease, to the efficacy of the drug, and to the condition of the patient. For instance, a risk of an unwanted side effect may be clearly justifiable by the physician in the case of a patient with serious heart disease, where it would not be for a minor ailment. Safety testing of drugs is an important part of the industry's research. It is aimed at eliminating side effects to the fullest extent possible, and, where this is not entirely possible but the therapeutic advantages of the drug justify its use in medicine, to obtaining the fullest information about them. This is always made available to the doctor who is to use the drug.

A new drug first goes through long and complicated laboratory and animal tests. Then it goes through clinical trials, which are conducted not by the industry itself but by the medical profession. Five years is not an unusual period for testing. At the end, only about one for every 2,700 or so chemical substances initially synthesised passes the requirements of safety and efficacy and reaches the market. The conception of controlled clinical trials was very largely due to British scientists, and the standards of safety testing in this country are as high as anywhere in the world. It is not possible, however, entirely to rule out unforeseen adverse effects of drugs—sometimes they are only discovered after many years of experience. Following the history of thalidomide, the Government has set up a Committee on Drug Safety, under the chairmanship of Sir Derrick Dunlop, to give the public reassurance that the best testing procedures available in the present state of knowledge are being followed, and to make improved arrangements for the collection and assessment of unforeseen effects in use. The industry has promised its full co-operation in the work of the committee.

Quality control, when a drug is in production, calls for very extensive and skilled technical work on the part of the *(Continued on page 426)*

Right: One of the stages in the blending of poliomyelitis vaccine by Burroughs Wellcome & Co. Careful control of sterility, acidity and temperature has to be achieved

Far right: The new Drycota machine simplifies the production of coated tablets by using a dry-coating technique. Here, one is shown in use at the CIBA laboratories

Above: Aluminium containers for penicillin and streptomycin at Glaxo's plant at Ulverston in Lancashire
Top: Inside one of the animal wards at the new virus research centre of Pfizer Ltd. at Sandwich
Left: Powders are mixed in a stainless steel steam-jacketed pan at May & Baker's laboratories in Dagenham

MAKING MEDICINES

continued from page 424

manufacturer. As medicines have become more specific in their effects, an increasing proportion are prepared and packed at the factory in the form in which they will be used. The controls required to ensure that they will have the predictable effect required by the physician—after a 'shelf-life' which may be considerable—have become more complex and costly. Brand names are important here: they serve as a guarantee to the doctor and to the patient that all batches of a drug are up to the same quality standards. Manufacturers are very jealous of their reputation for quality.

Research and development, and the need for complex facilities for large-scale production, have brought about great changes in the operation of the industry. Increasing amounts of capital are required, and some of it is high-risk capital. Continuity of production and sales over a period has to be sought if the necessary investment is to be forthcoming and the plant used economically. In the last five years, the industry has invested £40 million in new plant. All this has led to the development, as in other modern industries, of the commercial practices necessary to sustain this growth, patents, trademarks, and advertising.

Advertising is of a special kind in the prescription drug industry. Prescription drugs are not advertised directly to the public, but only to the medical profession. Much of it consists of technical information services rather than advertising in the more usual sense, and the high rate of discovery and change makes these services particularly necessary. A strict code drawn up after consultation with the British Medical Association is operated by the Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry to eliminate undesirable practices. Medical mailing is quite often criticised, but continuous surveys have shown that the majority of doctors welcome it. In addition, most prescription drug manufacturers have a team of medical representatives who visit doctors regularly to keep them informed about the latest products of the company, and answer any questions which the doctor may have.

The markets served by the industry's annual output of approximately £220 million worth of products break down approximately into one third to the National Health Service; one quarter, exports; while the rest is made up of privately purchased or privately prescribed medicines, invalid foods, veterinary medicines and animal food additives.

In the National Health Service, an increasing proportion of prescriptions are for the newer more effective and sophisticated drugs, and the price of individual prescriptions has steadily risen. But contrary to a rather widespread impression, the share of the drug bill in the cost of the National Health Service is not rising; it has stood at just over 10 per cent. during the past decade. The prices of drugs used in the National Health Service are fixed under a voluntary price regulation scheme agreed between the Health Department and the industry. This uses a series of formulae and has been accepted as giving fair and reasonable prices over a range of some thousands of items as a whole.

After a particular drug has achieved successful large-scale production, its price almost invariably is steadily reduced. The international statistics that are available indicate that less is spent in this country on drugs in proportion to national income than in most other countries with advanced medical sources—much less than in some of them.

On the export side, the industry has made a notable contribution to the national export drive. Direct exports topped £50 million for the first time in 1962, apart from other overseas earnings from subsidiaries and licences, as against £5·4 million worth of imports. Many of the main export markets are in the Commonwealth, with Australia (£4·5 million in 1962) and Nigeria (£2·6 million in 1962) high in the list. Exports to the US were £3 million in 1962. The great bulk of the exports are of unbranded goods.

These figures represent a rapid increase—16 times pre-war, three times 1948, nearly twice 1953 amounts, in terms of money at face value. However, the rate of increase has been slowing up recently. A serious current problem is the series of actions to weaken patent right in a number of overseas countries. These actions sometimes bring short-term financial savings to the governments concerned; in the longer run, they operate to slow down progress in therapeutics. It is clear that great efforts on the part of the industry itself, and the maintenance by the authorities of the conditions favouring the research and development on which leadership in exports depends, will be necessary to keep up satisfactory growth.

Above: This giant whisk is used in blending pharmaceutical ointments which must be of the smoothest possible texture

Right: Some of the elaborate tubing used in the production of pharmaceutical ingredients at the basic chemical plant of Smith Kline and French Laboratories

Above: An electronic counting device for tablets made by CIBA Laboratories Ltd.

Top: A routine procedure at Upjohn Ltd., for testing the strength of neomycin, a wide-spectrum antibiotic

Left: An Accogel machine used in the manufacture of powder-filled capsules. The capsules are transferred from the tumbling bowl to the trays to be dried

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

428 **Television recordings**

An evening in front of the telly may well come to mean something quite different when the work of three young Midland men comes to fruition. This may not be long, for active steps are already being taken to exploit the commercial possibilities of their two inventions. Although the inventions are the result of independent work as far apart as Wolverhampton and Nottingham, both use a television receiver to provide vision as well as sound. One is a gramophone record which enables you to see the performer as well as hear him, the other is a "television tape recorder," on which any programme can be recorded and run through later—or even, possibly, borrowed from a library.

Norman Rutherford and his partner Michael Turner, still only 30 and 29 years old, are two former Nottingham Technical College friends who pooled their electronic engineering knowledge and set up business in 1957. From repairing cathode ray tubes they soon branched out into other fields, and today their enterprise at Nottingham employs about 50, mainly in development work. Their latest baby, the television tape recorder, can be used in the home, the studio, or elsewhere.

Mr Rutherford told me that such recorders can cost as much as £20,000, and the cheapest is around £5,000. The model they have developed costs £60, and they hope to sell 100,000 on either side of the Atlantic in the first year of operation. The recorder is a development by Nottingham Electronic Valve Co. Ltd., which is an affiliate of the parent company, Rutherford Engineering Partnership.

In this country all the manufacturing and marketing are being handled by Associated Fire Alarms Ltd., from their Leeds factory, while Cinerama Incorporated will exploit the potential in all markets outside the United Kingdom from Los Angeles.

For the home user the cost of half an hour's tape, which can be re-used about 500 times, will be around £8. On it one would be able to record the Queen at Ascot, highlights of a Test Match, "Monitor," "Emergency Ward 10" or what you will. In addition, there are arrangements for taking 500 cinema films next year and making copies available through television retailers. In time the price of two or three cinema seats should enable one to rent a complete evening's entertainment, chosen to taste.

Equally interesting are the possibilities of the videogram brainchild of 26-year-old Colin Mason, of Finchfield, Wolverhampton, a former pupil of Wolverhampton Municipal Grammar School. A gramophone given him on his first birthday started a consuming interest; the videogram is the result of seven years' intensive study and development. The new sound and vision disc should not cost more than a few pence over the price of a conventional one. All one has to do is to put it on a special kind of record player and plug into the television set through a socket. This socket should not cost more than 25s to 30s, but the record player price is not being disclosed for the moment.

Mr Mason is now technical design consultant to Wolverhampton Radio and TV Supplies, who are currently negotiating with an international company with outlets here and in the United States. Could it, one wonders, be Philips?

Coventry's confidence undermined

We seem destined to hear a good deal more about the National Coal Board's project for mining underneath Coventry. When first announced, this scheme set industry, commerce and home-owners buzzing with indignation. The mining, under the northern part of the city, has already reached the Daimler and Courtaulds works, but Lord Robens, chairman of the NCB, allayed fears a month or two ago with a statement that only 20 per cent. of the coal would be taken out, and subsidence would not be more than 12 ins. The current ten to 15 years' programme will stop about two miles from the city centre. An official NCB statement began thus: "Despite the alarm created by much uninformed comment, the mining operations being undertaken by the National Coal Board beneath a part of the city do not threaten Coventry's homes, industry, public buildings or prosperity." Now a riposte has come from Mr Maurice Edelman, author-journalist MP for Coventry North. He called the statement "vague and inconclusive," which on the face of it seems a little unjust.

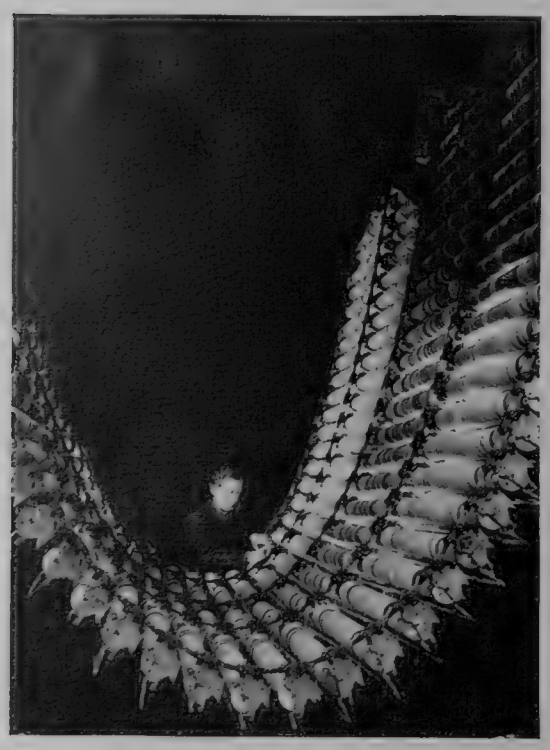
Your turn next, Lord Robens?

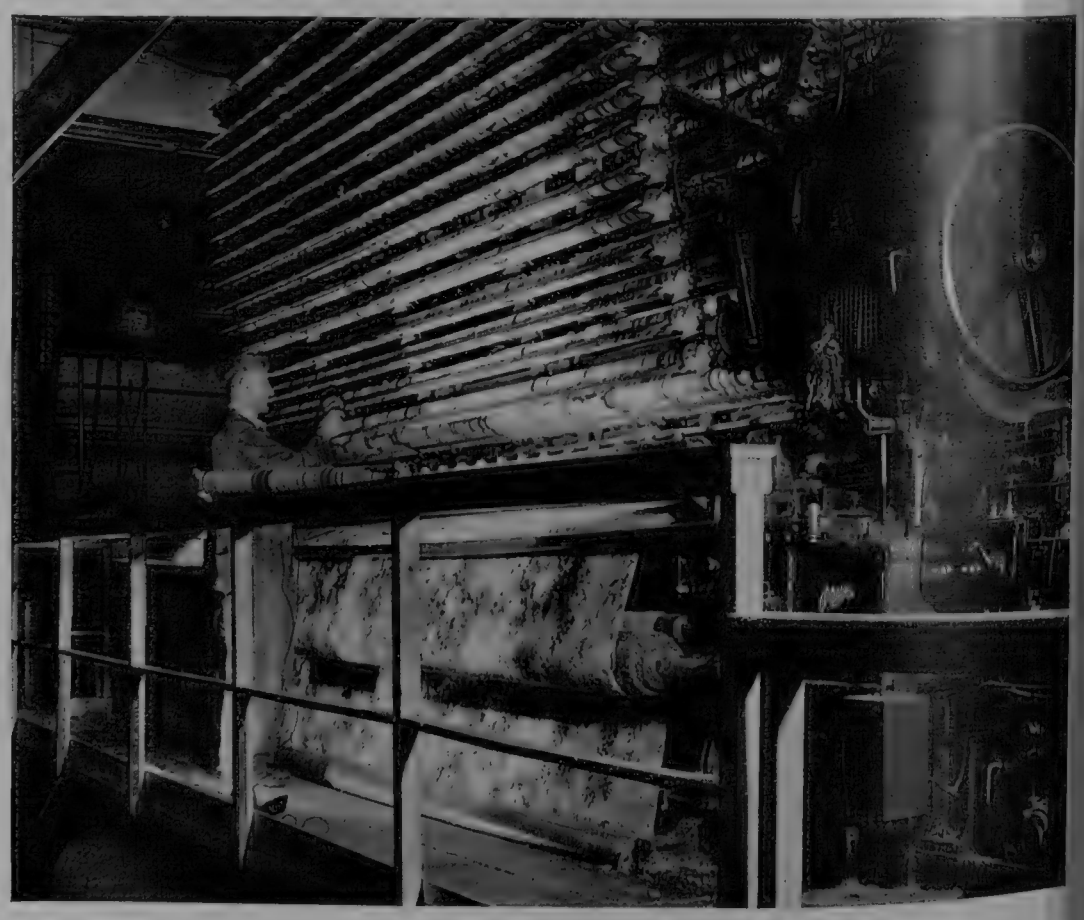
Kidderminster carpets

To most people the name of Kidderminster means, industrially, carpets, and although other new industries have been introduced into the area, carpet manufacture is still the staple industry. Family concerns, such as Brintons, still hold a high place in the trade, but many have grown into public companies or have combined together to become so. The Carpet Manufacturing Co. Ltd. was originally such an amalgamation of family concerns, and it is now one of the leading firms in the production of traditional carpets, with five factories at Kidderminster and one at Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

Carpet Manufacturing makes the well-known range of Globe Axminster carpets in the medium price range, as well as a variety of high quality Wilton carpets, widely chosen for "contract" use in hotels, ships or public buildings. Globe quality is marketed to retailers throughout the country via the familiar red-covered pattern book. This is a medium price quality, with mobile yarn reinforced by 20 per cent. Bri-nylon, and it comes in a wide variety of widths from 18 ins. to 12 ft. wide broadlooms.

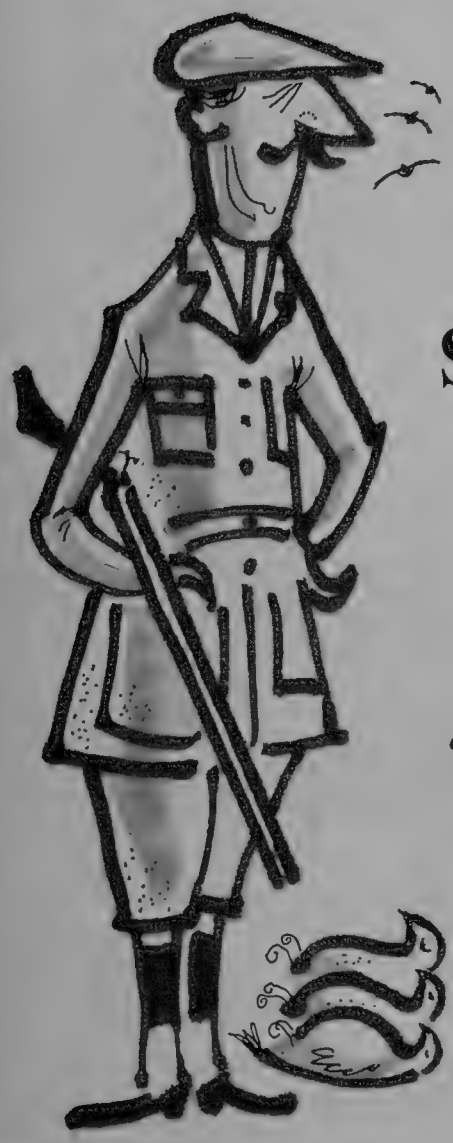
Carpet Manufacturing also has an interest in manufacturing companies in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as an association with Kosset Carpets Ltd. of Brighouse, Yorkshire. One speciality is in producing designs with popular appeal, and for this purpose extensive market research is employed.





Above: The enormous chain mechanism containing the Axminster spools behind a 12 in.-wide Axminster loom at the works of The Carpet Manufacturing Co. Ltd. at Kidderminster. Each row of spools represents a single tuft in the pattern

Right: One of the wide looms on which Globe Axminster broadloom carpets are manufactured



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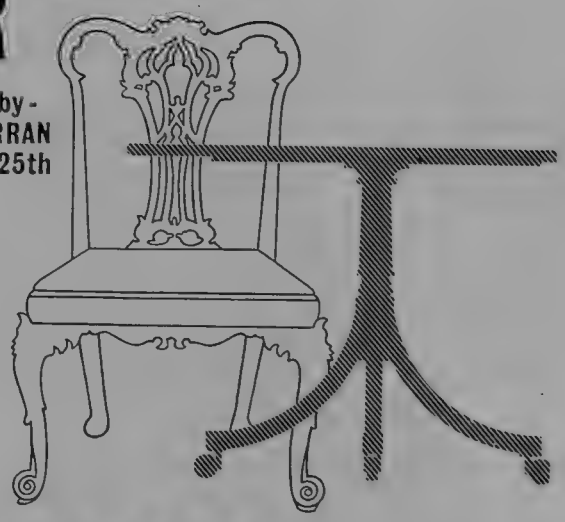

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SCOPE IN TELEVISION

by The Sphere City Correspondent

430 Whatever the independent television programme contractors may have thought about the Pilkington report on television and the Government's subsequent toing-and-froing on the future of television in this country, there can be little doubt that the outcome is going to improve the prospects for manufacturers of broadcasting equipment and, in the short-term at any rate, the outlook for the TV set makers themselves. Three main decisions have been embodied in the new Television Act that has just passed through Parliament. They are that the definition standard should be changed from 405-line to 625-line (used in Europe); that the BBC should have a second programme (starting next spring) broadcast on 625-line and in Ultra High Frequency; and third, that a start should be made on colour television. Two other moves are also under way: Pay-TV is to begin on an experimental basis (indeed one of the Pay-TV consortia is raising money privately in the City for this purpose). The independent television programme contractors, which have enjoyed the losses and profits of monopoly television areas for seven years, are to have a three-year phase of more heavily taxed operations. Then (probably in 1967) an additional series of independent companies may be allowed to begin a second ITV service.

Of these various proposals, perhaps the most important for the broadcasting industry is the decision to build an Ultra High Frequency network using some 60-odd main stations and some hundreds of fill-in stations. Already 17 main stations (in addition to the new BBC station at Crystal Palace) have been approved, which when completed should bring the new BBC programme to two-thirds of the country's population by 1966. The decision to switch over to 625-line, even though there is to be a compulsory dual-standard period for the benefit of those who have old but perfectly satisfactory 405 sets, comes as a useful booster to the TV set manufacturers after two or three particularly lean years. Over-production of 405-line sets in 1960 following the unprecedented demand of 1959 led to a back-log of stocks that was only really worked off last year. Changes in hire purchase regulations and uncertainty about the future have been contributory factors to the industry's recent malaise, but the main trouble has been that with just under 12 million homes having TV sets out of a total of some 15 million, saturation has virtually been reached.

Some sets in use are of course nearing the end of their (on average) seven-year life and should soon lead to replacement demand; others are already changeable to 625-line with some adjustments. But, by and large, the industry expects that last autumn's sharp upturn in sales will be repeated this year as the BBC's big advertising campaign of its new service (only viewable on 625) gets under way.

The various changes in the industry will also have their impact on the retailing side of the industry. The rental companies (several of them partly owned by set manufacturers) have enjoyed a number of good years recently, to some extent because of the public's reluctance to buy a set when the industry's prospects were so uncertain. If this was true, then removal of the uncertainty should mean a fall-off in rental business. In fact, a powerful contributory factor to renting has been efficient maintenance service and for this reason renting seems likely to continue, at least until the new 625-line UHF sets are familiar. It is incidentally worth noticing that while going over to the European 625-line should help export opportunities, it will also lay the British market open to continental manufacturers.

As far as colour television goes, the City is taking it calmly. Colour is bound to involve heavy additional costs for uncertain returns, but the race to keep up with American and Japanese achievements and continental experiment makes the expenditure necessary. Some form of colour television should be available in Britain by 1965-1966. Pay-TV is a much less certain venture. Backed by the leading cinema operators, independent television programme contractors and a cross-section of newspaper, theatre and City interests, it could prove successful if it is allowed sufficiently large areas for experiments. At least it should bring business to the relay wire companies and instrument makers, and in the long run could prove the most profitable TV medium of all.

But for the moment investors should keep their eyes on the big broadcast equipment manufacturers such as Electrical and Musical Industries (at 44s yielding 3·9 per cent.), Plessey (at 65s: 2·3 per cent.), General Electric (at 56s: 3·6 per cent.) and Rank Organisation (at 50s: 2·8 per cent.). The three leading manufacturers also give a useful stake in equipment. Thorn Electrical "A" shares at 96s yield 1·8 per cent., Philips at 139s yield 2·3 per cent., and Pye of Cambridge at 16s 3d yield 3·8 per cent. Alternatively, two of the biggest rental companies have a stake in set manufacturing and in various other types of equipment. Rediffusion at 14s 9d yield 5·1 per cent. (high because of its ITV contracting interest), and Radio Rentals at 39s 3·2 per cent. One company from each group would give a sensible spread in Britain's new TV era.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

The Restaurant Elizabeth at Oxford is one of those rare birds in this country, which elsewhere do so much to raise the overall standard of small-scale catering in inns and eating places: its food is cooked personally by the proprietor. I am convinced that if we had more chef-patrons such as Mr Kenneth Bell of this little restaurant, there would be more small establishments worth visiting for the sake of the cooking. One has to consider only the obvious difference it makes when the whole reputation and complete goodwill of a restaurant is not dependent on a paid employee, but is held entirely in the hands of the owner. Judging by this example, it also follows that the owner-chef will work much, much harder than even the most industrious and conscientious chef would do. For such as Mr Bell, there is no chance of knocking off at set times, after which the guests cannot be served, and there is no scope for temperament, so often the prerogative of chefs, which might disturb the smooth, efficient working of the kitchen. Let us hope that there will be more chef-patrons in this country as time goes on. Gradually the social status of chefs is improving, and one day perhaps will reach that enjoyed in other countries, such as, for example, France.

I owe my discovery of the Restaurant Elizabeth to Edward Hale, who gave a lunch there for his friends in the wine trade and a few writers like myself, to celebrate his joining of the old-established firm of wine merchants, Edwin Giddings of Devizes. This is a purely local concern, over 100 years old, which proudly boasts in the introduction of its excellent wine list that "We neither brew beer nor do we sell groceries." In other words, this is another *rara avis*, which is fast getting rarer and rarer, a completely independent wine merchant. Edward Hale, who has had his training in one of the big multiple firms, before joining a Burgundy shipper and becoming Master of Wine, has now fulfilled his lifelong ambition to be an independent wine merchant by joining this old firm. That is perhaps one of the reasons why this lunch was such a joyous occasion. The other, more obvious reason was the superlative quality of the food and the wines and the way in which both were served.

Mr Bell has been trained as an hotelier in one of the world's most famous hotel schools, and his choice of becoming a chef-patron clearly illustrates his devotion and interest in the preparation of food. So does the lunch I am talking about. One could tell that this was going to be a meal of extraordinary quality by the little offerings we had standing up with Edwin Giddings' Manzanilla Fina. They included crisply fried scampi and calamar in delicious rings.

The first course of the lunch was La Fameuse Soupe de Poisson Nantaise, one of the best fish soups I have ever tasted, its high flavour of herbs and saffron being almost too much for the Muscadet de Sèvre et Maine 1962 to keep up with. The main course, which is not one of Mr Bell's specialities, but was done for this occasion, was a Chaud-Froid de Volaille. Here my interest was in the accompanying salads including artichoke bottoms and Champignons à la Grecque. The 1952 Corton was truly noble, a big wine with a good bouquet. The next wine was unusual, a minor sweet Bordeaux, from the region which is on the wrong side of the Garonne, Saint Croix du Mont. What made this one special was its age. It does not figure in the Giddings excellent list; it could not. It was picked up at an auction in Bordeaux, and was at least ten years old. It accompanied one of the glories of this glorious meal, a superb Crème Brulée. This miraculous pudding with its ice-cold yolk-yellowed cream under a thin crisp caramel crust is not easy to make. It is supposed to originate from Cambridge, where it was created by the chef of one of the colleges. Now Mr Bell has proved that Oxford can do it as well, if not better.

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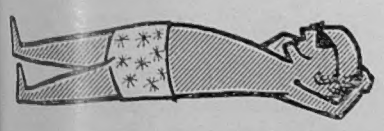

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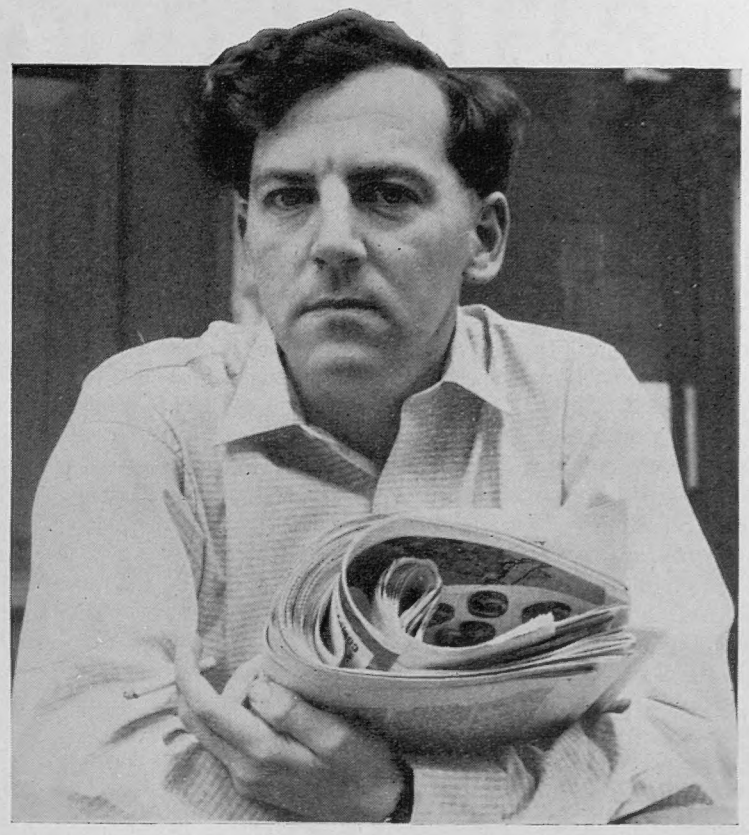

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GERMAN CARS AT FRANKFURT

The Frankfurt Motor Show, which closes this weekend, produced an interesting crop of new German models. By far the most important, technically, was the Wankel-engined NSU, about which I hope to write at greater length next week. Nearly as much interest was shown in the fantastically opulent Mercedes-Benz 600, which revives the German firm's tradition of having in its range a superbly equipped car built regardless of cost for the use of the Most Important People. Powered by a 6·3-litre V-8 engine, this 125 m.p.h. Mercedes is offered as a six-seat saloon or eight-seat Pullman limousine. It has self-levelling suspension, shock absorbers that can be adjusted from inside the car while in motion, duplicate braking systems and push-button control of seat adjustment, windows, sliding roof and boot lid.

DKW, the small-car subsidiary of Daimler-Benz, introduced their new F102, a brand new car which replaces the Auto Union 1000. It has a 3-cylinder, two-stroke engine of 1,175 c.c. driving the front wheels, with disc brakes, a sealed cooling system, no greasing points and service intervals of 6,000 miles. News from Germany's two big American-owned car factories—Opel and Ford—mainly concerned coupé models of existing saloons. Opel, a branch of General Motors (like British Vauxhall) have on show coupé versions of both their 1·7-litre Rekord and their 993 c.c. Kadett, with top speeds of 90 m.p.h. and 80 m.p.h. respectively. Ford of Cologne offer a stylish coupé version of their front-wheel-drive 12M with a top speed of 85 m.p.h. It uses the 62 b.h.p engine fitted to the T.S. (Touring Sport) edition of the 12M saloon and, helped by the space-saving f.w.d. system, the designers have given it a smart shape without sacrificing much passenger room.

NSU's rotary-engined Spider has rather overshadowed another new model from the Neckarsulm factory: the Prinz 1000, an 85 m.p.h. 1-litre saloon which bears a family resemblance to the square-cut, 598 c.c. Prinz 4 but is distinguishable by its oval headlamps, revised front end and inlet grille for the air-cooled 4-cylinder, 51 b.h.p. engine, which has a chain-driven overhead camshaft. The 1000 has a wheelbase 8½ ins. longer than that of the Prinz 4, it is 14 ins. longer overall and the centre of gravity is 5½ ins. lower.

Among the new British models at the German show was the 4-litre Aston Martin DB5 saloon, which has a diaphragm-spring twin-plate clutch, and an alternator in place of a dynamo. Instead of the standard four-speed gearbox, buyers may specify a five-ratio box or automatic transmission; and overdrive is optionally available. Mr David Brown claims that his new, race-bred car is the first British model to have turn indicators whose brilliance is automatically toned down for night driving. UK price of the new Aston is £4,175 with tax.

Praise for the Saab

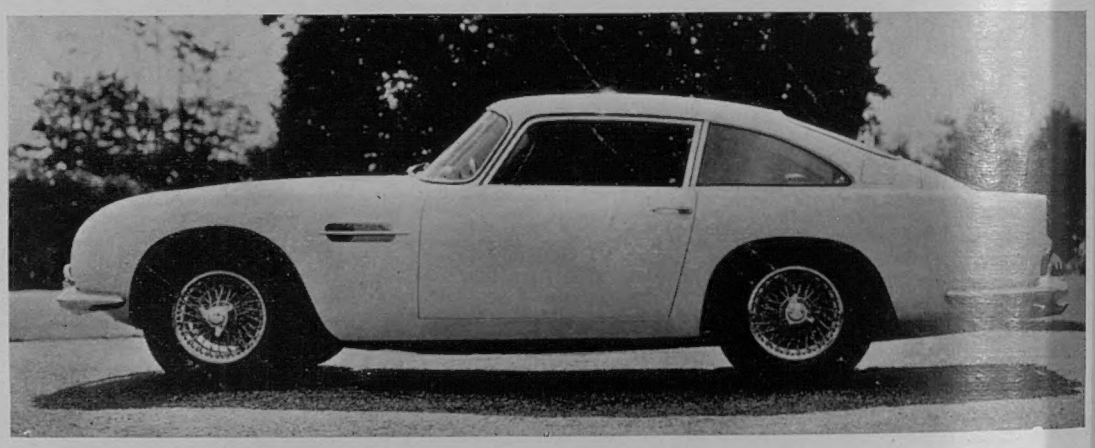
The estate car version of the 841 c.c. two-stroke Saab has sacrificed much of the saloon's efficient aerodynamic shape to afford access to a roomy cargo compartment through a third door at the back, but the Swedish firm obviously realises that people looking for a dual-purpose car are not influenced solely by a car's looks. I took the Saab station wagon to the West Country for a road test and on the open road was captivated by the quiet hum of the smooth-running 3-cylinder engine.

Top speed is less than 70 m.p.h. and a little more power would be an advantage for overtaking in third gear but, after all, you do not buy a mini-size engine if you want performance above all else.

A four-speed, fully synchronised gearbox with smooth-working steering column lever can be made to compensate in large measure for any lack of urge when heavily loaded.

The Saab is a car of which one gets very fond. It is roomy, gives a comfortable ride, holds the road extremely well and at 30 m.p.g. is not heavy on fuel having regard to the load it pulls along. Petrol consumption is helped by the use of a freewheel device which also takes care of the uneven running which is a feature of two-cycle engines at low revs and, if you are feeling lazy, enables you to change gear without using the clutch.

The Saab estate car costs £966, including tax. An interesting feature is a rearward-facing seat for two children in the back. When the car is needed for carrying less fascinating, less exasperating loads, this seat (like the car's normal rear seat) can be folded to provide a flat floor.



The new Aston Martin DB5 4-litre saloon has a six-cylinder engine developing 282 b.h.p. at 5,500 r.p.m.

Long-life motor oils

A friend of mine at Castrol—whose oil is used by half the motorists in Britain—has just given me some interesting comments on the subject of long-life motor oils such as that recently announced by BP. "There is no technical problem in producing 'long-life' lubricants," he said, "and the real question is whether it is better for the owner of a car to get rid of his old oil once every 10,000 miles or twice every 10,000 miles.

"Car manufacturers recommend that oil be changed periodically not because it wears out but because of contamination and dilution; and no matter how good an oil may be it cannot guard itself against dilution." The Castrol man said a motorist who does 10,000 miles a year in a car with a recommended oil change period of 5,000 miles and an oil consumption of 1,000 miles to the pint spends 57s 7½d a year on long-life oil if the sump capacity is eight pints. Using a normal multi-grade oil and draining the sump twice it would cost him only 53s 8d. "Long-life oil," I was told, "would show an actual saving only if the car's oil consumption was at the exceptionally low rate of 1,500 miles to the pint; and even then the saving would be only 1s 7d a year."

The Castrol official added: "So we have come to the conclusion, for these and other reasons, that it would not be in the interest of the motorist for us, as oil technologists, to recommend any departure from the lubrication procedures laid down by the engineers who have designed his car."

A visit to Girlings

I have just paid a visit to one of the new motor industry factories which are springing up like mushrooms on Merseyside: the Bromborough (Cheshire) plant in which Girling Ltd. makes more disc brake calipers than any other firm in the world. This factory was taken over for a planned initial output of 50,000 calipers a week, leaving the firm's plant at Cwmbran in South Wales (formerly a shadow factory) to concentrate on drum brakes. It now has 6,000 workpeople in Birmingham, in South Wales and on Merseyside and its manufacturing activities overseas (including Germany, Argentina, South Africa and Australia) are increasing all the time. Girling Ltd. is a Joseph Lucas subsidiary formed in 1943 from a merger of the New Hudson bicycle company and Bendix. It has always specialised in braking systems and suspension dampers and has done much of the pioneer work on disc brakes.

I was interested to learn at Bromborough that self-adjusting drum brakes will soon be in production by Girling. The ability of disc brakes to adjust their pads automatically when they become worn has been one of their attractive features. It has made an important contribution to the cult of easy car maintenance and now drum brakes are to be brought into line. When the linings become worn the handbrake lever naturally has more travel and the driver, pulling on it that little bit extra, will thereby turn an adjuster thread on the cylinders in the drums.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

WINTERING QUARTERS. From time immemorial the human race has had to seek protection from climatic conditions.

The first autumnal nip in the air should be regarded as nature's warning symbol. Are we prepared in our homes for snow, sleet, frost and, more importantly, that penetrating damp cold which seeps more and more into our bones as we get older? Those who have no centrally heated home, business or professional ties should seriously consider wintering in an hotel.

There is a good deal that could be said in favour of such a thought, for one is immediately relieved of all household ties, no heating, lighting or tradesmen's bills to be met, no worry about chores or catering; for the hotel of your choice takes the responsibility in its stride.

Be careful to select a reputable hotel whose goodwill would be at stake if they cut down on standards. The cost may be more than you think you can afford, but the question arises—can you afford *not* to be warm and well cared for? Far better, if you are living on a fixed income, to dip into capital than find yourself in hospital or nursing home.

In this article we are confining our thoughts to a selection of hotels of different grades where, if the wind is force eight and the temperature near zero, one " can be snug and warm in one's winter coverlet."

Bournemouth—There is no need to enlarge on the popularity of this southern sea-coast town as a winter residential resort but, for a stranger to select an hotel for winter residence without some personal recommendation might be courting dissatisfaction. Though there are, undoubtedly, many excellent hotels not personally known to us, we can vouch for the following, all slightly different in their appeal. In alphabetical order they are: *Arncott Hall Hotel* situated in Poole Road, an easy three minutes walk from Bournemouth West Station. Very personally run by Mrs Brown, her daughter and long-service staff. Catering is homely and generous. Forty-five bedrooms (five with private bathrooms) with central heating, lift. Normal weekly terms from 10 gns.

Bourne Hall Hotel. Also in Poole Road. Over 90 bedrooms with central heating and 12 private bathrooms. Lift. For over 20 years this hotel has been under the personal direction of Mrs R. J. Bray. Normal weekly terms from 11 gns.

Chesterwood Hotel. Resident directors, Mr and Mrs Peter Jamieson. Fifty-two bedrooms (18 private bathrooms). Lift. On level East Cliff facing the sea.

Cliff End Hotel. Situated at the terminal of Manor Road with the Boscombe/Bournemouth Road. Quiet position overlooking Boscombe Gardens. Twenty-seven bedrooms (central heating and gas fires). Lift. Normal weekly terms from 9 gns.

Carlton Hotel. This five-star hotel on the East Cliff has 150 bedrooms, all centrally heated, and 60 private bathrooms. Few hotels have such a high all-the-year-round average of occupancy so accommodation must usually be booked well ahead. Normal daily terms 53s 6d to 80s.

Cranborne Hall Hotel. Overlooking the Winter Gardens, has 48 bedrooms (central heating, electric or gas fires) and lift. Under the personal direction of Commander and Mrs W. Whitfield.

Hotel Courtlands. At the Boscombe end of the front, quietly situated amidst lawns and pine trees. Personally run by the Lanz family. Fifty-five bedrooms, all centrally heated, 18 private bathrooms and lift. Normal weekly terms from 10 gns.

East Cliff Court Hotel. On the East Cliff, next door and under the same direction as *The Carlton.* A first-grade modern hotel facing sea with 75 centrally heated bedrooms and 37 private bathrooms. Lift. Terms from 45s daily.

Heathlands Hotel. A few paces from the East Cliff, this 104-bedroom hotel has 12 with private bathrooms and is certainly one of the most progressive hotels in Bournemouth. Admirably managed by the resident director, Mr B. L. Sindall. There is no " Off Season " atmosphere whatever the time of year.

Linden Hall Hotel opposite Boscombe Chine Gardens. One hundred and ten bedrooms (central heating or gas or electric fires). An all-the-year-round family hotel with indoor heated swimming pool. Normal weekly terms from 14 gns.

Royal Bath Hotel. Of recent months acquired by De Vere Hotels, Ltd. 120 centrally heated bedrooms, 72 with private bathrooms and a number of suites. Daily terms 60s to 85s.

Folkestone—Admittedly there can be times in winter when only the fool-hardy venture on the Leas but the same remark also applies to winter promenading anywhere in the British Isles. Everything so much depends, as we have stressed before, on the choice of hotel.

In the top grade, no one could complain if they were fortunate enough to secure accommodation at the *Burlington Hotel.* Slightly set back from the Leas, this four-star category hotel is away from the noise of traffic yet is admirably located for level walking on those winter days when the sea is so smooth that it reflects the winter sunlight.

Delightfully warm, renowned for its cuisine and with bedrooms well equipped for sleeping or sitting, the whole hotel conveys a feeling of well-being. The winter tariff is inclusive, dependent on room and length of stay.

In a lower price category in this Kentish garden town by the sea, the following are worth investigating. *The Clifton,* a Trust House on the Leas and *The Garden House Hotel* one minute from Leas and shops, where Mr and Mrs Kenneth Gordon are held in high esteem by their residential clientele.

Space does not allow us to list our winter hotel recommendations in such well-known resorts as Torquay, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Hove, Eastbourne and Worthing, but we will gladly supply information on request.

BOURNEMOUTH. ARNCOTT HALL HOTEL
This 45-bedroomed family-run hotel has a friendly welcome for holiday makers and tourists alike. Lift.
Tel.: Westbourne 63050.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. BOURNE HALL HOTEL
In key position for sea, shops and shows. Central heating in every room. Private baths, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, Billiards, Games Room, Ballroom, Special Winter terms for a long stay. Telephone: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS
HEATHLANDS HOTEL
EAST CLIFF
In the top flight of good family hotels with every comfort for every age.
Varied, interesting menus. Large car park.
Brochure from S. P. Sindall, Resident Director. Tel.: 23336.

EXMOUTH, S. DEVON. DEVONCOURT HOTEL
(50 bedrooms), situated in a beautiful four-acre semi-tropical garden facing full south with magnificent views of the bay. This hotel offers a high standard of comfort. Excellent food and wine. Always open. Tel.: 2277/78.

FOLKESTONE, Kent. PRINCES HOTEL
Seventy bedrooms, many with private bathrooms. Sheltered and centrally situated for cross-Channel stop, holiday or residence. Fully licensed. Tel.: 52850.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX. WHITE FRIARS HOTEL
Enjoy the countryside-cum-sea at this delightful hotel with its Eighteenth Century Restaurant and Cellar Buttery. Old-world bedrooms with every modern comfort. Sea 4 miles, Golf. Tel.: 3299

HYTHE, KENT. STADE COURT HOTEL
Fine sea-front position, close to golf course. Comfort and good fare all the year. Fully licensed. Cocktail Bar. Tel.: 67146.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
Always first on the sea front for modern comfort, cuisine, service and entertainment. Cocktail Bar. Ballroom. Free Golf. Tel.: 77544.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First class; 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine: fully licensed. Phone all rooms; suites. Putting, Swimming-pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

BILLS
Parliamentary, Posters, and the long-billed Platypus may concern you little, but those weekly, monthly and quarterly bills—food, light, heat, rates—may be for you a worrying problem.
There is a solution ready to hand. Give up the nerve-racking struggle of your own house or flat and live comfortably and economically at
STANHOPE COURT HOTEL
STANHOPE GARDENS, S.W.7.
FRO. 2161
one of the eight North Hotels of London, all situated in South Kensington.
Write today to Miss E. Gentle, M. F. North, Ltd., 14, Cromwell Place, S.W.7 (Kensington 1212) for brochures and tariffs of all the North Hotels.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. CLIFTON ARMS
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel.: 6245.

PENZANCE, CORNWALL. QUEEN'S HOTEL
Winter warmly in Britain's mildest climate, facing sea and south. 66 bedrooms. Generous fare. Cocktail Lounge. TV. Lift. Tel.: 2371.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. THE BELMONT
A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position and reputation for catering, elegant comfort and service. Many bedrooms with communicating bathrooms. Lift. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 1555.

STORRINGTON, SUSSEX. ABINGWORTH HALL
A delightful country house with beautiful garden. close to golf, downs and sea. Hard tennis court. Licensed. Tel.: West Chiltington 2257.

GRANDiloquence
No hotel of good standing can hope to please everybody, so we are the more grateful for the many appreciative letters we receive, some almost grandiloquent. They refer to the friendliness of our long-service staff, the willingness of our chef to cater for individual needs and the recreational facilities for every member of the family. A grand hotel, in short, for a few days or your annual holiday.
THE GRAND TORQUAY
Always a good address in any month. Tel.: 25234

TRADITION IN SCHWEPPSHIRE

6. LOVE OF ANIMALS

One of the most constant characteristics of Schweppshire has been love of animals and it is perhaps fitting to close this present series with some attempt to clear up a few misunderstandings here. Being pro animals, we have lots of rules and societies and laws to make sure that everybody is fond of them all the time, except of course for killing them.

To certain primitive peoples, who do not understand the Schweppsian way of life, our animal rules are not perfectly clear, except for shooting them. Our Friends of Feathers Society, for instance, wants to keep down Philpott's Harrier because Philpott's Harrier eats the eggs of the Little Stink. Actually Philpott's Harrier is being kept down by NASTIFLY, the insecticide used on turnips, the tops of which Philpott eats for his vitamin C: but we are against this because it is against the balance of nature, which of course is also why we kill them, because if we did not kill the animals we kill they would not only be killed anyhow, they would not be born. If they could be asked whether they would rather be born with a sporting chance or not born at all, we never have a moment's doubt what any British animal would choose.

Having cleared that point it remains to explain game laws, which recently reached such a point of complexity that we found it simpler to limit times of killing anything at all to during the six weeks following the first Friday the 13th in the year, and teatime to teatime on alternative Thursdays and Fridays. But of course anything larger than a germ but smaller than a pigeon must not only never be killed, it must be treated tremendously kindly.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him